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## REVIEWS.

*Correspondence between Goethe and Zelter.*  
—[*Briefwechsel zwischen Göthe und Zelter.*] Vols. III. and IV.

THE fifth and sixth volumes of the correspondence of Goethe and Zelter are before us, and we have not yet noticed the third and fourth. That this has arisen from no want of appreciation of the work, those who remember the slight account we were able to give of the first and second volumes, will readily believe. We have been withheld rather by the *embarras de richesses*, than by poverty of matter for an article: partly too, perhaps, by the doubt whether the treasure of profound and pregnant æsthetical suggestions which they contain were likely to find fit audience in England.

The trading spirit of this country, and the taste for vulgar display and flaring effects which it engenders, have a deep and extensive influence on literature and art, and tend to the destruction of any high standard. The demand, too, now made upon art, to popularize itself, we look upon to be utterly fatal to it. Not that we would make its enjoyment the exclusive privilege of a few; by no means—we would have the highest works open to all. Let all come to the shrine, and catch what inspiration they can; but from the time the Goddess descends to ask their opinion or their applause, farewell to her divinity. However unfashionable the doctrine, we continue to think it improbable that the age is coming, or now is, when every man shall be able to judge of everything; and when profound and laborious devotion to some peculiar branch of art or science shall be unnecessary to the understanding of it.

It is this profound and laborious devotion which has hitherto so advantageously distinguished the Germans, and given such a superiority to their criticism. We do not here speak of their astonishing labours as philologists and historians. Æsthetical criticism has been conducted with as much thought, patience and research; as much conscientious application of the whole powers;—and this, by men of the first order of productive genius. There is, no doubt, much trash written amidst the infinity of writing; but the thoroughly vulgar tone in which art is commonly treated here—the flat common-place, or the ignorant presumption, are certainly very uncommon among them. Fantastic, far-fetched, obscure, they may be, and are; but even these fancies are suggestive, and these over-refined speculations give evidence of thought and imagination in the writer, and excite them in the reader.

As a specimen of the musical criticism with which these volumes abound, we will extract Zelter's analysis of Handel's 'Messiah.' Whether the remarks be all just or not, we are not competent to decide, nor even to discuss; but how enlarged and poetical, how high-toned and fertile is this, com-

pared with the meagre technicalities or shallow flippancies which we are accustomed to find.

In a letter, dated the 8th of March, 1824, Goethe says—

I have been brought back to Handel in a curious way. Rochlitz's 'Developement of the Messiah' (*Entwicklung des Messias*), in his first volume, 'For the Friends of musical Art,' p. 227, drove me to Mozart's score of Handel, where indeed, I could read only the rhythmical *motivi*; but I hope soon, with the help of Eberwein's execution, to get a nearer idea of the harmonical. This, indeed, would be a thing for us to discuss together.

Zelter answers—

Your mention of Handel calls to my mind that I have much to thank Rochlitz for. He has sent me his book, and has spoken well of Handel, and kindly of me.

Herder has somewhere or other called Handel's Messiah a Christian Epos; and this is a perfect description of it in one word; for this work, in its fragmentary compilation, really contains the entire convolute of Christianity, with as much of truth, as of intelligence and poetry.

I have always thought that the whole, considered as an *opus*, arose accidentally; nor can I depart from that opinion.

The great festivals of the Christian church afforded the composer in Handel's time an opportunity of setting to music verses from the Bible, out of which the finest peculiarities of effect must arise. Handel, who had taste and heart enough to reject the vile versions of Brock, Picander and others, (at which he, Bach, and Zellmann had been forced to drudge) collected together the verses which relate to the Passion in one convolute; got some clever man to put the hooks and links which are wanted to connect them (if he did not do it himself); and thus has arisen a cyclical work which I distribute into four or five parts.

Part 1. The Annunciation of the Messiah from above, through the mouths of the prophets; the work or end of Redemption; mysterious, yet like the dawn of morning.—'Comfort ye,' &c.—breathing a spring freshness.

Part 2. The Nativity; first known to shepherds. The Introduction (Siciliano), a delightful pastoral, ought to precede the chorus 'For unto us a child is born.' In Mozart's score the chorus, very improperly, is put first. The chorus is playful, rocking, childlike,—nay, childish—at the beginning; at length, at the words 'And the government shall be upon his shoulders,' it towers in all its colossal grandeur.

Pastoral character of life and doctrine.—'He shall feed his flock.' 'Come unto me, ye that are weary,' &c.

Part 3. Suffering and death: denial, mockery, evil intreatment; 'Behold the Lamb of God; 'Surely he hath borne our griefs.' 'All we like sheep have gone astray; 'He trusted in God that he would deliver him; 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart; 'Behold and see,' &c. The suffering is ended by death; and in this death is the victory. The Redemption is accomplished. Now the consequences—

Part 4. Resurrection and eternal life—back to the Heavenly—the Infinite. Prophecy again proclaims, 'Open the gates, that the King of Glory may come in; 'The Lord gave the word; 'Why do the heathen; 'Let us break our bonds asunder; 'Hallelujah; 'I know that my Redeemer liveth; 'And as through man came death.'

Part 5. Apotheosis.—'Worthy is the Lamb; 'Glory and honour; 'Amen.'

The expression of such a work is to be taken as a whole, though good, nay, exquisite workmanship, be not wanting in the individual parts.

The overture belongs to the piece only in so far as it is a foreground—a title-page to the volume—showing the clear blue heaven of prophecy. 'The glory of God, the Lord, shall be revealed.' Clearness, power, truth, pervade the whole first part.

In the second part, warm, bright night;—*one feels the starlight.* Pastoral, sweet, pure, serene.

In the third part, suffering and death: brief, yet not too condensed; grand, calm, touching: no torments, no crucifixion, and that sort of thing. The suffering of the righteous, at the degradation of the Good, and the Beautiful, is the ground, the deepest depth, over which flows a crystal stream; 'Behold and see if there be any sorrow,' &c.

This last piece is a genuine cavatina, and leads us to the historical question of musical forms, concerning which I must add the following.

This digression, though full of ingenuity and of imagination, is too long and too learned for our pages. We omit it, and go on with the main thread.

With this ('Behold and see') the whole passion is silently concluded, and the work of atonement accomplished.

Would you like to procure yourself a singular pictorial enjoyment? Look at the chorus, 'For unto us a child is born.'

After the shepherds have heard the word of the angels as they kept watch by night in the fields, and have recovered from their alarm, one part begins, 'For unto us a child is born,' and plays innocently with the thought; then follows another in the same manner; then the third, and the fourth; till at length, at the words 'Wonderful counsellor,' &c. all join; the flocks and herds on the fields, the starry host through all the heavens,—everything awakes, and stirs itself with gladness and strength of heart.

Now, ye muses, enough,—if not too much. If you have heard your Messiah, I should be glad to know something about it from you. I always learn, when you report anything of the kind. The worthy Rochlitz deserves many thanks, but his history of the rise and progress of the Messiah, *a priori*, looks to me very like all histories by profession. The history of a work of art (and every work of art has its individual history) is not to be told on the fingers, since nature requires thousands of years to make an artist, whose existence is itself an accident.

It just now occurs to me; the hypothesis I have given above of the *accidentality* of Handel's Messiah, viewed as a whole, I remember to have put forth in a review I wrote twenty years ago, when it met with the opposition to be expected, and which it still experiences. The review is in the *Berlin Musical Journal* of 1805 or 6, published by Reichardt, and is, no doubt, in your library.

Everybody may view the thing after his own fashion: to me, this accidentality is a necessary beauty in every work of genius.

We have always wished to see an analysis,

such as would satisfy a poet and a philosopher, of the peculiar character of the genius of the greatest masters of music. For example, Handel and Haydn. It would be full of instruction; full of deep insight into the various forms under which Ideas reveal themselves to men of genius.

We have sometimes asked ourselves, how would Handel have treated the Creation? What would Haydn have made of Sampson? What is the characteristic distinction of their choruses? We have not the knowledge requisite for such an inquiry, but we can see how far, in able hands, it might lead. Were we, in our ignorance, to hazard a conjecture, we should say that Handel's choruses are distinguished from Haydn's by breadth;—that his effects are more in mass, and less in detail.

It seems to us that there is considerably more abstraction in Handel; that he mastered the entire Idea, or musical picture, before he began to write; and, leaving this or that musical thought which might be suggested by parts of his subject, worked out, sometimes to monotony, the one main and predominant character. Haydn followed much more every turn of the poetry to which he adapted his music. The Amen chorus is a noble proof how independent Handel was of verbal suggestion. The mere word would have given him little help; but he felt what the occasion demanded—a chorus of exulting devotion from all creatures: and can anything be conceived more perfectly realizing this conception? The fugue is a rolling and harmonious acclamation, caught from mouth to mouth, and pealing through all time and all space. Short as the chorus is, it gives an idea of infinitude.

We should say, generally, that his effects require to be viewed in mass, or they are not satisfactory. Splendid exceptions doubtless exist—perhaps the most splendid of all is the 'Total Eclipse,' in which each individual note is the appropriate and profoundly dramatic expression of the passion expressed by the word to which it is married.† We never hear that song, (when sung as Mr. Braham sings it) without feeling persuaded that Handel *saw*, as vividly as Milton did, the dishonoured, and captive, and self-accusing man, sitting on the stone seat where a charitable hand had placed him,—without any ray of outward or inward cheering, and raising his sightless eyes to that sun whose genial warmth suggested only his loss,—till this tremendous burst of agony and despair was wrung from him. The musical tones are, with few exceptions, a highly coloured, but most faithful copy of those which nature herself would have poured forth.

It is in vain, however, to expect sound and productive musical criticism where music is regarded by some as a trade, by others as an instrument of display, or as a means of beguiling the languid hours of the dressed dolls of society. Luther regarded it as a most powerful instrument of moral and religious culture; and he bequeathed to his country a sentiment which lives, and will live, in the hearts of the people and of their rulers.

The choirs of our cathedrals and collegiate chapels, and other institutions richly

† We should except the interrogatory or exclamatory tone which Handel has given to the words 'No sun—no moon'—clearly a mistake.

endowed for this express purpose, ought to be schools of the very highest order of music to the whole nation, and were intended to be so by the devout men to whom we owe them. In this branch of national education, as in many others, means are abundant and at hand; nothing is wanting but the head to understand, and the will to perform, duties of the most sacred kind.

Let us see Zelter's view of the significance of choral music. He is speaking of his singing-school at Berlin:—

And this is the only earthly satisfaction I have—that nobody can find fault with me, since none can resist the total effect; nor can they understand how I bring it to pass; for they know everything, except how anything is really done.

My main reason for wishing for you now, is purely Ideal. Our chorus is now nothing less than a vast *organon*, which I can set a-playing, or stop, with a movement of my hand; and can make it, like a telegraph, denote and express great thoughts.

If you could see and hear this but once, a light would break upon you which has never appeared to any one,—not even to me.

An organ, every pipe of which is a rational, voluntary agent, may realize our very highest conceptions; but then it demands the very highest mind to command it. He finds the best and fairest youth of a large, and not yet wholly corrupted, capital, gathered together; eagerly receiving every good suggestion, and silently following it out; a school, whose end is Wisdom, whose means Poetry, Harmony, and Song. I say again, you would find, what no one as yet has found; will you not come?

Z.

Zelter's reverence for the 'Messiah' is curiously expressed here:—

As you have had a taste of Handel's 'Messiah,' I will only tell you that, on a similar occasion, I saw and spoke to our Crown-prince for the first time. The Crown-prince had invited a choir of ten or twelve members of the Academy of Singing to the music-room of Frederic the Great in the palace, and got them to sing several of the magnificent pieces of the colossal work to him and his court, with only a pianoforte accompaniment. I was invited, not to take a part, but to hear. Highly as I esteemed the honour done me, I was wretched; accustomed as I have been, for thirty years, to teach, to uphold, and, at length, to execute, the godlike work, in a manner befitting its majesty, with a hundred and eighty fresh and sound voices; which is music: and now, there I stand, like a miserable sinner, and see the living work dead before me, in a narrow coffin, where it cannot move a limb. As soon as it was over, I drowned my misery in a flood of champagne, but even that wouldn't do: one could go mad upon it if one were not so already. They want to carry about such a work as that in a lady's netting-case.

But the 'Messiah' would not obey; and so they sat down to supper, which went off much better.

Z.

One extract more on one of Handel's noblest works:—

The 'Te Deum' has passages which would make a child stir in its mother's womb:—the 'All the earth,' the 'Holy, holy,' the 'We therefore pray thee,' the 'Father of an infinite majesty.' It may be truly said, that heaven opens to reveal the circle of all holiness and all adoration to eyes of flesh. So certain is it that the musician, above all men, can bring forth nothing genuine that does not first dwell in him as a picture.

Zelter is wrong only in saying, "the mu-

sician above all men." It is equally true of the poet and the painter. But he speaks like a man devoted to his art, and feeling most sensibly its peculiar demands on the artist. With regard to musical expression, or, as Goethe calls it, musical painting, we quote his admirable remark:—

The purest and highest musical painting puts the hearer into the frame of mind which the poem expresses; so that the ideas picture themselves in the imagination in accordance with the text, though it is unconscious whence they arise. To paint sounds by sounds; to thunder, to smash, and splash, and patter, is detestable.

In his reply, Zelter says—

You ask me, who has produced examples of musical painting? Every master of his art has effected it in his own way—only copyists fall into partial, or imitative expression. Haydn in his 'Creation' and 'Seasons'; Beethoven in his Character Symphonies, and in 'The Battle of Vittoria,' have achieved the most remarkable things in this way.

What I have to remark on the subject is this; whenever we can take away the word, and the thing remains a connected whole, one may be satisfied. 'The Battle of Vittoria,' which I have heard four times, has always thrown me into that fearful, fearless, excited state, which is appropriate to the incident. The overture to Haydn's 'Creation' is the most wonderful thing in the whole world; inasmuch as by regular, methodical, received artistic means, a chaos is produced, which converts the feeling of huge, unfathomable disorder into a feeling of pleasure.

In the Sinfonia to 'The Seasons,' which represents Winter, I shiver with delight by the warm stove, and, at the moment, I know not whether there exists anything else beautiful in the world, save that.

What old Bach and Handel have produced of this sort is utterly boundless, especially in quantity.

Elsewhere, Zelter says—

In my critique on 'The Creation,' and particularly on the overture, which bears the title of 'Chaos,' I remarked, that such a theme did not fall within the proper range or competency of art; but that genius here, as everywhere, had achieved the impossible. In confirmation of this opinion, I advanced principles.

Hereupon, old Haydn sent me word, that he had not thought of, nor inquired into, all this before; but that my position agreed with his conception, which was now, for the first time, understood, and that he felt himself compelled to recognize the truth of my representations. Other critics had rejected the musical painting of the work altogether; and so now I had justice done me by the competent tribunal.

There was certainly a tendency in Haydn to fall into a servile and too detailed expression. But these individual thoughts are often exquisitely appropriate—and suggestive, as well as appropriate;—as in the little bit of Pastorale introduced into a song abounding with the faults just alluded to—the description of the creation of the beasts. Those few bars conjure up a whole rich, and smiling, and tranquil picture of summer life, in green meadows, and by clear waters. Nor is this all: where the words do not seduce him into this bit-by-bit expression, he sometimes seizes a whole Idea of matchless beauty or grandeur; as in the instance of 'By thee with bliss,' which appears to us the very breathing of rapt adoration and perfect delight; or, 'The heavens are telling, and some other masterpieces of the sublime. But we ought not to

† See on this subject the article on volumes I. and II. of this work, *Athenæum*, No. 323.

occupy time and space with our own thoughts, when both would be so much better employed in rendering those of the extraordinary men before us.

We remarked in a former notice (see No. 323), that Handel and Sebastian Bach were the gods of Zelter's idolatry. We must give a few of the remarks on the latter, which abound in these volumes.

Bach is esteemed the greatest of harmonists; and with justice. That he is a poet of the highest order, one can scarcely venture to assert; and yet he belongs to those who, like your Shakespeare, are elevated far above childish clap-traps. As a servant of the church, he wrote for the church alone, and yet not in what is commonly called a church style. His style, like all that is his, is *Bachish*. That he used the common signs and names, sonata, concerto, &c., is no more than that a man is called Joseph or Christopher. Bach's native and prime element is solitude; and this you instinctively felt, when you said, "I lie down in my bed, and get our *Bürgermeister* organist from Berka to play *Sebastian*." Such is he; he will be harkened to with silent watchfulness. \* \* But he ought to be followed on the organ. This is his real soul, into which he breathes the immediate breath of life. His theme is the new-born thought or feeling which, like the spark from the flint, springs out of the first accidental pressure of the pedal; and thus, by degrees, he works himself into it, till he isolates himself, feels alone in the world, and then an exhaustless stream flows onward to the infinite ocean; and this, his eldest son, Friedemann (of Halle), who died here, expressed in his words, "Compared with him, we are all children." His great organ compositions *leave off*; but they are *not done*; in them is no end. But I will conclude here, though so much remains to be said. When all is weighed that can be alleged against him, this Leipzig *Cantor* is a manifestation of God; clear, but inexplicable (*klar doch unerklärbar*).

In a letter shortly after, Goethe says—

Well do I remember the good organist of Berka; for then, for the first time,—in perfect tranquillity of mind, and free from outward interruptions.—I gained an idea of your great master, Sebastian Bach. I expressed it to myself thus; that it was as if the Eternal Harmony held converse with itself, as it might be thought to have done in the bosom of the Deity just before creation. Thus, too, it moved itself in my inmost being; and it was to me as if I had no ears, still less eyes, and that I neither had, nor wanted, any outward sense.

Let us turn to Mozart, of whose matchless facility he speaks as follows. The common story of the mysterious stranger who bespoke the 'Requiem,' is well known. On occasion of what Zelter calls "a bitter-sour piece of twaddle of Gottfried Weber, of Darmstadt," impugning the authenticity and the merits of this work, he gives the following touching history of that composition:—

Mozart was born two years before me (1756). We remember the circumstances of his death only too well. Mozart, who had attained such a certainty and celerity of production that he had time left for a hundred things, which he wasted with women and the like, had thus gone near to spoil his excellent nature. Then he took a wife, had children, and fell into utmost need, wherein he lost his position in social life. On a sick bed, pressed by household cares, distressed, discredited, without a helping friend,—at length he wanted the barest necessities. A worthy man commissions him to execute a particular work, by way of giving him money in the most delicate manner. A *libretto* of an opera is not at hand, and Mozart says, "I will compose a Requiem then;

it will serve for my own obsequies." His weakness increases—spiritual cares press upon him, and, in moments of earnest, solitary self-examination, the beginnings of detached portions of the Requiem suggest themselves, (as you have so truly delineated in your Gretchchen), '*Dies iræ*'—'*Tuba mirum*'—'*Rex tremendæ majestatis*'—'*Confutatis*'—'*Lachrymosa*'—and it is precisely these portions which reveal the deepest contrition of a religious spirit; while, on the one hand, they disclose the last remnant of a grand school, and on the other, the passionate senses of a theatrical composer. The style, therefore, is mixed, unequal, nay, fragmentary; and hence has arisen the confusion in which criticism now delights. Hence, too, arose the tradition.

After Mozart's death the worthy Süßmayer came forward like a true friend, put the Requiem together, completed what was deficient, and the distressed family received for it enough to cover their most pressing wants. The work was sold, and printed; Süßmayer explained himself as well as he could concerning his part in it, and soon went to rejoin his friend in eternity.

Now comes the fore-mentioned *Hans Taps*; (blockhead), accuses Süßmayer of falsification and lying; speaks in the most contemptuous manner of a benevolent friend, without giving any sure criterion to determine what is Mozart's and what Süßmayer's; ascribes to Süßmayer what he could not have written, and *vice versa*; without reflecting, that when a clever man like Süßmayer puts forth all his strength, he may come up to Homer nodding. And that has happened. The '*Benedictus*' is as excellent as possible, and cannot be Mozart's—the school is different; Süßmayer knew Mozart's school, but was not of it, and of that we find here and there traces in his beautiful *Benedictus*. Whatever, on the other hand, is censured in the work, is attributed to Süßmayer. Thus the critic pronounces the first piece borrowed from Handel, and, therefore, not Mozart's; though Mozart often, and without any concealment, attempted Handel's manner, to convince himself that he could produce something like it. In this piece there is also a *Canto firmo*, and that an old melody too, and guess which? It is the simple melody—(how comes the '*Magnificat anima mea*,' in a requiem?)—in short, it is the old *Canto firmo*, to be found to this day in Luther's choir book, '*Meine seele erhab den Herrn*.' I have before called the work fragmentary—unequal; the truth is, the parts are as good as put together, and he who will regard them as a whole, is in error. The Requiem is made up of bits, and yet it is by far the best I know of the last century.

Before Mozart had looked about him in North Germany, Handel probably appeared to him the mightiest German genius;—some of his pieces are superscribed "*Nel stilo di Haendel*." He then came to Leipzig, while Hiller was still alive, and opened his ears wide at Sebastian Bach, to the great amazement of Hiller, who tried to fill him with aversion for Sebastian's crudities. What does Mozart do? He tries his hand in this style, with a skill that only such a school can give. Only have the song of the black men in the '*Zauberflöte*' sung to you. It is a distinct piece. It is the Lutheran hymn '*Wenn wir am höchsten Nöthen*,' concerted with the orchestra after Bach's manner.

But we are giving a false or imperfect impression of the rich and varied contents of these letters, if we lead our readers to think they are by any means confined to music. Time and space fail us, to offer even a sample of the other diversified materials which compose them. We shall take a few extracts at random. The third volume contains a sort of journal of Zelter's excursion to Vienna, which alone would fill an *Athenæum* with most

amusing gossip. We give his voyage down the Danube.

Vienna, July 20, 1819.—I arrived here last Saturday, after a voyage down the Danube from Regensburg, which lasted six days. The Danube, especially from Linz hither, is so rapid, that the boat could make the voyage in three days at most, so that we lay to and rested at night. A common passage-boat is detained for days by the custom-house annoyances. From Linz downwards our boat made thirty miles (German) in two half days; but I liked it all the better, as it gave me an opportunity of looking about and enjoying the view at my leisure. If you have careful sailors, the multitude of whirlpools, (among which the Saurüssel is the most magnificent) make the voyage a treat, which I enjoyed like an imperial banquet.

The build of such a passage-boat is so ludicrously slight, that, even before you know the danger, you go on board and look at it to see how the joke is to end. It is all of deal, cut with axe and saw, like a sort of model; without iron, cordage, canvas, tar, pitch, anchor, or anything that is generally necessary to work a vessel. There is a single cable for mooring;—mast and sail are out of the question, since the tub imitates the progress of the Israelites into the promised land. The seams are stuffed with moss, and regularly sewed together with wire. It is about a hundred tons burthen, a hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen or seventeen broad, and is quite water tight. Our company consisted of an Irish doctor; a German engraver, who held extraordinary discourses on art, and was bearded about the mouth and chin after the fashion of the middle ages; an apothecary, a butcher, a sword-cutler, a capuchin monk, women, children, travelling handicraftsmen, and your humble servant. The artisans, who were to pay little or nothing for their passage, bound themselves to stand to the helm two hours at a time in turns, but they were rather lazy about it. In the cool of morning and evening I gave them a hand, which made matters go on better, and at last even the women and girls took a share in this hard labour. A tailor had a dispensation, in consideration of sewing on the buttons to our coats and breeches, and mending our linings and pockets; some of the girls washed our stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs.

This motley company was so gay and joyous, that the six days flew like six hours. The boatmen had on board, some of the best Bavarian beer; meat and bread, and wine, we could lay in fresh every morning; and, in short, we might have gone on in this way to Peterwardin, and wanted for nothing. For my own particular, I was little tormented with custom-house plague.

Saturday, immediately after my arrival, I went to the theatre at the Kärnter Thore, (Gate of Carinthia); the opera was Rossini's '*Otello*;' new, brilliant music, which I now heard well got up and executed, for the first time. The composer did not trouble himself about the poet, but has set to music a poem, which one can connect together very well by means of that music. He is, unquestionably, a man of genius, and knows how to use the means he has at hand; without, like Gluck, first setting to work to invent instruments to play his music. Rossini has *crescendos* that reach even to grandeur; he can give himself the rein, and at last the thought comes out with great success. He plays with sounds, and sounds play with him.

Sunday, in the Marinelli theatre: there were three pieces—first, '*Die Werber*'; second, '*Die Damenhitte im Theater*'; and third, a pantomime, '*Schulmeister Beystrich, oder das Donnerwetter*.' My sides are sore still with laughing. The pieces were somewhat of the vulgar sort; the actors and the people together, are what constitute the performance. The least success finds loud applause, and what won't succeed is scrambled over. The



players are in continual motion, and enjoy as much as the audience, and more. Such a gipsy frolic is not to be described. The children begin to screech and clap, and all join in, and screech and clap too. After the piece, everybody that has a leg to stand on is called for; and now a fresh piece begins; the players make their obeisances and thanks while they go on with their parts, and openly appear in their individual, proper persons. The theatre is always full; if not at first, certainly towards the end, when everybody leaves the Prater.

The first comic actor is called Signor Schuster—a man made expressly for his art, from head to heel. In this fellow there is not a word that does not tell; a voice as broad as a plank, as sharp as vinegar, and as smooth as an eel.

It is easily seen here why these people are not political; what they want is to live every minute, and to enjoy every minute,—and that they do. Politics begin in ennui, and in ennui they end. From the theatre they go to supper—next morning to mass—then to work, every man his own way—then out of one play into another. Wiser they will never be, and never were.

We cannot follow the rough and joyous old man in his childlike enjoyment of all the childish pleasures (as we grave, fastidious Englishmen *must* call them,) of gay Vienna. We will only pick out a bit here and there from this most amusing journal.

The Prater is a pleasure garden;—indeed, this whole land is a pleasure garden: they tell me it is not what it was—and what was it then? A foreigner brings no senses nor understanding for such views of things; and I am glad when I can shake off the Berliner.

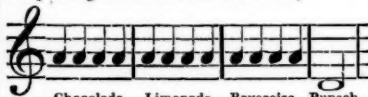
*Monday, July 26th.*—Yesterday I saw the Prater in its Sunday glory. Four rows of the finest chestnut trees form three avenues, which begin from the Leopold-stadt and lead along the side of the Danube a league and a half. The middle one, for carriages, is forty-five feet wide; the two sides, for walkers, are twenty-four feet. You see several hundred equipages, some of them extremely splendid, and facres, all in motion in the centre; and at the sides groups, couples, or solitary walkers, in such pretty confusion, that it is a pleasure to see so many handsome, well-dressed men and women, with the greatest variety of character and countenance, flitting by you like coloured shadows. At the sides are coffee-houses, and seats under the shade of the most beautiful clumps of trees, all exquisitely neat and clean. You sit down. Out of the thicket behind you comes the sound of music. You are now at the opera—now at a ball—now on the parade. Coffee comes, and cakes with it. A child presents flowers; a pretty girl offers crystal water; an old woman tooth-picks: all these are fed'd with copper kreuzers, which you are glad to get rid of in so pleasant a way, for they are as heavy as a bad conscience, and weigh your pockets down to your heels.

But these avenues by no means constitute the whole Prater. A second and a third of the same kind extend from the Leopold-stadt like a fan to the Danube (it is properly an arm of the Danube). Here is the other pole of the planet:—here is the real genuine people. The spaces between the trees grow wider as they approach the river, and are filled with places of refreshment, where beer, wine, eatables, and (except coffee) drinkables of all sorts, ice, &c. may be had. (The three coffee-houses, *par excellence*, in the grand avenue, have the exclusive privilege of selling coffee.) These places of refreshment are in such number, and so near together, that you cannot distinguish the customers of one host from those of another, and you run a risk of eating what your neighbour has paid for.

This, then, is the true Vienna. Here, in the midst of all this serving, and sitting, and pouring,

and smoking, and carousing, and fiddling, the universal stream and movement flow gaily and comfortably on. People go or stay, come, speak to one another;—it is unbroken quiet and uninterrupted motion at the same time. No inclosures, no impediments; for though the houses are the property of the inhabitants, the ground is the emperor's, and nobody may inclose it. The impression made by this scene,—tumult I can't call it,—is an easy, gentle forgetfulness. I could not recollect that I had thought or observed; and though I write all this, I can hardly affirm, so it is—so it was. What makes the thing a real sunshine, is the multitude of happy faces of every kind, who, to-day reconciled with their Maker, see the world as they like to see it.

The first day I went to the theatre, a fiddle player was tuning his instrument: a waiter in the pit sang in the tone of the violinist,



Chocolade, Limonade, Bavaroise, Punsch.

Another after him—



Chocolade, Limonade, Bavaroise, Punsch.

And now the whole orchestra followed in the same strain. I laughed so loud that the audience stared at me as if I had been mad.

We cannot find room for more of this most characteristic journal, in which description, criticism,—everything, has a place.

We have hardly given a word of Goethe's, nor have we space for more than a very short passage or two:—

The French stand in a strange position with regard to German literature. They are precisely in the case of the cunning fox, who can get nothing out of the long neck of the jar. With all the good-will in the world, they do not know what to make out of our things; they treat all our productions as raw material, which must be wrought into shape by them. How wretchedly have they displaced and confused my notes to Rameau; there is not a thing left in its proper place.

The English have put forth their 'Living Poets' in two thick octavo volumes, with short biographical notices; I have been very industriously studying this work for some time. It gives occasion to highly-interesting comparisons. The most remarkable excellencies of all these poets are to be traced to *descent and situation*; the meanest among them has Shakspeare for his ancestor, and the Ocean at his feet.

*A Visit to Iceland, by way of Tronnyem, &c. in the Summer of 1834.* By John Barrow, Jun., Author of 'Excursions in the North of Europe.' London: Murray.

MR. BARROW appears to have been so well satisfied with his excursion to the North of Europe, that the ramble which gave rise to the present volume was the consequence of it. We, too, found his former journal so pleasant, and, compared with the writings of travellers on the beaten high-road of the Continent, so fresh, that we were glad to receive his 'Visit to Iceland'; and think it quite as interesting, and fully as unaffected in style, as its predecessor.

Mr. Barrow embarked from Liverpool, in the *Flower of Yarrow* (a friend's yacht), "on the 15th June, 1834, and arrived at

Tronnyem,—(our author abides by the new spelling of this name, in spite of the grave remonstrance of the *Quarterly Review*),—after a tolerably propitious voyage. While the yacht was undergoing some repairs, he paid a visit to the town of Röraas, famous for its copper mines, in which a population of about 1500 souls are principally employed. From this place he started in search of the Laplanders, who are sometimes to be found in its neighbourhood; and, after passing through a dismal sterile country—which, fortunately, is peopled, though thinly, by inhabitants less inhospitable—had a full opportunity of studying the ways and discomforts of these primitive people. Here is a family picture, beginning with the habitation:—

"It was situated on the side of another bleak and naked mountain, on which the snow was everywhere lying in large masses, close to the miserable huts of the inhabitants, and at so great an elevation that, with a strong wind then blowing, and the rain descending in torrents, the cold was excessive; so very piercing that, in all my rambles, wet and weary as I now was, I never remember to have felt myself half so uncomfortable as on this visit to the Laps, whose hovels afforded but little protection against the storm that was raging, or the rain.

"In the language of the Laplanders the hut is called *kaja*. There were three or four of these wretched buildings at short distances from each other, all alike, but two only were at present inhabited. They are constructed of birchen poles stuck in the ground in a circle of about six or eight feet in diameter—not more than the latter—with the ends brought to a point, so as to take a conical shape. The centre of the hut, or highest part under the apex, is not more than six feet. Grassy turf or sods are piled up outside the poles, and secured by a few branches of birch, which rest against them; and several large stones laid outside all around the bottom of the hut add to its support. The entrance is through an opening about three feet high, which, numbed with cold, I found it somewhat difficult to stoop under; but the Laplanders jumped in and out with the greatest facility. A reindeer's skin, hung loosely over the opening, serves every purpose of a door. In the centre of the hut burns the fire, and a little opening left at the top allows the smoke to escape. The heat inside, contrary to my expectation, was so oppressive, and the smell so overpowering, that I was compelled to decline taking my seat round the fire, to which I was strongly invited, as well by the occupants as by the bad state of the weather. These dwellings are so small that the owners are unable even to keep their provisions within them; but a sort of light platform or shelf of birch twigs, placed outside the hut and raised six or seven feet from the ground, is used as a kind of store-room for their milk and cheese, over which is placed a skin cover to preserve them from the weather. The old lady's husband had perched himself upon this to arrange his provender, and I expected momentarily to see both him and it fall through the slender and tottering fabric."

"They were all, old and young, of a diminutive size—the tallest person appearing to me to be under five feet. When I find it stated, however, in print, that the average height of the men, by actual measurement, on this very same spot, was four feet, and that of the women not above three and a half, I perhaps ought to doubt my faculty of judging, and equally so my sense of hearing; for so far from finding the voice of the Laplander soft and effeminate, according with the softness of his language, as is stated by the same authority, it appeared to me to be precisely the reverse. Their language itself sounded harsh, and the pronunciation not unlike that of

the Irish market-women one hears in Covent Garden; and they talked so loud and so rapidly, as to give to a stranger the idea of their quarrelling. \* \* Cheese, they told me, was literally the only solid food they had to live upon at this time; and judging from the manner in which I was thanked for a small quantity of dried beef, and a piece of gammel ost, the remnants of my stock of provisions, I could readily believe what they told me. My servant, who was himself addicted to chewing tobacco, gave some rolls of it to the Laplanders, who seemed delighted beyond measure at the acquisition of such an unlooked-for luxury.

"Their excessive cheerfulness, and apparent content, seemed to contradict any idea of real suffering; for, during the whole period of my stay, one incessant noise of chattering and laughing was kept up among them. The daughter seemed an industrious girl: she was making herself a dress of rein-deer skin, and did not allow herself to be interrupted by our visit, but continued her work, occasionally looking up, talking, and joining in the laugh."

A few days after Mr. Barrow's return from this expedition, the *Flower of Yarrow* set sail for Iceland, and, thanks to a small Danish chart by which she was steered, entered the harbour of Reikiavik in safety. According to tradition, it was at this spot that Ingolf fixed the first settlement in Iceland; having, however, previously made the land at another point, called, to this day, Ingolf's Hoofde, "where, according to the religious or superstitious notions of those days, he threw his door-posts, the usual *penates*, which he had carried with him from Norway, into the sea, in order that by watching where they should first reach the shore, he should be able to discover that fortunate spot where his destiny called upon him to fix his future abode." They drifted to Reikiavik—the "smoking village," so called from the neighbourhood of a hot spring: the whole district, indeed, seems to be volcanic.

Reikiavik remains to this day the capital of Iceland; but so small and humble is it, that we think of Tronjem, and even Röras, as places of state and consequence in comparison. The cathedral, of which Mr. Barrow gives us a wood-cut, is as mean in appearance as a barn. There is not a tree or a bush to be found in the district round the town; and the soil or climate is hardly genial enough to permit potatoes larger than crab-apples, or cabbage-heads much larger than crown pieces, to grow. Radishes, and mustard and cress, appear to thrive the best; (small commons for a hungry man!)—and the governor showed Mr. Barrow, as rarities to be proud of, three or four plants of the mountain ash, which had reached the surprising height of four feet!

Mr. Barrow regrets having missed the annual fair, which takes place in the early part of the summer; and a few pages further on gives us a curious account, from hearsay, of what rare sport fishing on the Lax Elbe (Salmon River, a stream which empties itself into the bay at about six or seven miles to the eastward of the town,) must have been. It is now conducted, he tells us, in a less jovial fashion:—

"We had read, on the passage out, of the extraordinary gay scene that was exhibited on the appointed day for catching the salmon in this river, which was represented as a regular annual festival, when all Reikiavik and the country round about, far and near, assembled at a particular spot to which the fish had previously been

driven, and in such multitudes as to exceed belief; that nothing was to be seen but happy and cheerful countenances; that the utmost familiarity prevailed among all ranks; for that men, women, and children, of all ages and conditions—the bishop, the stiftamtman, the tatsroed, the landfogued, the amtptman and the sysselman, the doctor, the midwife, the washerwoman, and the tailor—might all be seen conversing with each other without restraint, and on terms of perfect equality; that with regard to the fish, the men—and the women too—had only to wade into the pool, seize them in their arms, and heave them out upon land, where others collected them into wooden panniers to be conveyed to Reikiavik, and there prepared for drying or salting, as the case might be; and that in this way it was not unusual to catch from two to three thousand salmon in one day."

On the 1st of August, the party started for the Geysers: eight men and six-and-twenty horses; sixteen being set apart for saddle horses, (eight as reliefs,) and the other ten as baggage horses; five of these also as reliefs. All goods are thus carried over the island in a sort of pannier boxes, which are slung across the animal's back; two pieces of closely matted turf being placed under the boxes, like a horse cloth, to prevent the horse being galled. The journey is pleasantly told, but does not contain much which we can extract, the country being desolate and unpicturesque in its dreariness, if we except the extraordinary mountain chasms, here and there found. At Thingvalla the party slept in the parish church, a curious building, which seems to a certain degree to have served the purposes of a library. Mr. Barrow sketched the clergyman's wife in her pretty and fantastic cap, and exquisitely wrought silver belt, of native execution,—peasants being the artificers of these ornaments; and he made the holy man himself very happy with a stirrup cup of brandy. It was at Thingvalla that the Althing, or general assembly of the nation, was formerly held in the open air: this was subsequently convened in a building of lava, erected for the purpose, and afterwards removed to Reikiavik. There are a few puny birch trees near this place, which our traveller mentions as a rarity.

Mr. Barrow gives us a full account of the Geyser district, in which the party remained encamped for some days, resolved not to return till their curiosity had been fully gratified. The great Geyser was for a long time capricious and sluggish; a smaller one was provoked into vivacity.

"The circumstance, that now attracted our attention, was that of observing our guides digging up and throwing into the orifice large masses of peat or turf. The guides seemed to think that, by such provocation, they might succeed in bringing on an eruption; and as this was a wished-for event, we all lent our assistance in heaving in turf and peat in large quantities; and sure enough the boiling fluid, as if filled with rage and indignation at such treatment, burst forth almost instantaneously, and without giving the least notice, with a most violent eruption, heaving up a column of mud and water with fragments of peat, as black as ink, to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and continuing to do so for eight or ten minutes, when it subsided, and all the water sunk into the shaft, where it remained in a tranquil state at its former depth. The masses of turf had been completely shattered to atoms, and dissolved as it were in the water, which did not recover the usual transparency of the Geyser waters when it

ceased: the fragments of turf in descending fell back into the shaft."

This plan of irritating these extraordinary fountains is common: the Prince of Denmark, who had visited the spot but a little while before, had almost choked the one in question, by filling its mouth with stones. At last, when the provisions of our party were almost consumed, the great Geyser did treat them to an eruption extraordinary.

"A Norwegian servant of Mr. Knudtzon was as anxious as ourselves—indeed, so much so, that he sat up all night—and fortunately he did so, for about three o'clock in the morning, when we were fast asleep, having been kept awake the greater part of the preceding night by the rumbling noise under the earth at different periods, he hastily entered the tent, and said that, from the incessant noise and the violent rushing of the steam, he had no doubt an eruption was about to take place. We were of course instantly on our legs; and just as we arrived at the spot, a few jets were thrown up to no great height, and we were once more making up our minds to another disappointment, when suddenly, as if by a violent effort, the shaft discharged a full column of water and steam, the former mounting in a grand mass to the height, as we estimated it, of between seventy and eighty feet."

We cannot enter into our author's speculations and facts, respecting the causes and operations of these fountains of fire and water, and must pass on, regretting that he was unable to ascend Hecla, though, after all, we must confess that there is more of glory, and less of real view, in the ascents of mountains, than travellers are disposed to admit. In describing his return to Reikiavik one custom is mentioned, which must considerably reduce the difficulty of journeying with such a large stud as is customary in Iceland.

"The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which I believe is entirely peculiar to this island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some object at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way and the other the other; and therefore if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way."

On his return from this expedition, Mr. Barrow visited the collegiate school of Bessetad, in which the languages of the dead appear more studied than the comforts of the living; for instance, the students sleep, two or three together, in manger-like cribs, arranged along the wall, with as much hay as bedding. The number of scholars is forty; and it is the only establishment of the kind on the island. From this subject Mr. Barrow takes occasion to digress concerning the literature of Iceland; and with an interesting anecdote of one of its celebrated men, we must cease from our examination of his pages.

"One example will here suffice as an illustration of what has been said respecting the triumph of literary pursuits over pinching penury. It is the case of an Icelandic clergyman of the name of Jonas Thorlakson, the parish priest of Backa. This venerable pastor, when nearly seventy years of age, had just completed a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* into his native tongue, having previously translated Pope's *Essay on Man*,

Three of the first books only of the *Paradise Lost* were printed by the Icelandic Literary Society, when it was dissolved in 1796, and to print the rest at his own expense was altogether out of the question, as we are told that the whole of his annual income, from the united parishes of Bægis and Backa, did not exceed thirty rix-dollars, or 6*l.* sterling, out of which he had to pay an assistant nearly half. This must of course mean the pittance given by the Crown, his parishioners and his glebe making up the rest. In allusion to his poverty, he thus expresses himself in Icelandic verse:—“Ever since I came into this world I have been wedded to Poverty, who has now hugged me to her bosom these seventy winters, all but two; and whether we shall ever be separated here below is only known to Him who joined us together.”

“I cannot omit the account which Mr. Henderson gives of a visit to the dwelling of this venerable man at Bægis, particularly as it ultimately led to the means of alleviating the ills of poverty, when age and infirmity most required their aid.

“Like most of his brethren, at this season of the year, we found him in the meadow assisting his people in hay-making. On hearing of our arrival, he made all the haste home which his age and infirmity would allow, and bidding us welcome to his lowly abode, he ushered us into his humble apartment, where he translated my countrymen into Icelandic.

“The door is not quite four feet in height, and the room may be about eight feet in length by six in breadth. At the inner end is the poet's bed, and close to the door, over against a small window not exceeding two feet square, is a table where he commits to paper the effusions of his muse. On my telling him that my countrymen would not have forgiven me, nor could I have forgiven myself, had I passed through this part of the island without paying him a visit, he replied that the translation of Milton had yielded him many a pleasant hour, and often given him occasion to think of England.”

It is pleasant to know that the necessities of this excellent scholar were afterwards relieved, by a donation from the Literary Fund. The ascent of the Snæfell Yokul, (another high mountain,) derived from the journals of another party, we must leave; also the statistical chapter—our excellent friends of the Society having already a sufficient hearing in our columns. The book is, on the whole, a manly and pleasant one; and we hope Mr. Barrow will not give up his summer rambles.

*Original Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures.* By Joseph Roberts. 8vo. London: Murray.

THE history of this volume may easily be collected from its pages: Mr. Roberts, a member of that very estimable body of men, the Wesleyan Methodist missionaries, from the moment of his arrival in India, was struck with the numerous existing customs, ceremonies, and superstitions that elucidated passages of Scripture, which, from the dissimilarity between European and Asiatic habits, appear obscure, or strange to British readers. The similarities which he observed arose partly from the stereotype character of oriental nations, amongst which each generation is the exact fac-simile of its predecessor—partly from climate, which must ever produce the same wants and enforce the same cautions—partly from the imperfect civilization of the ancient nations of western Asia and the modern tribes of southern India; but not a few, we must observe, of the

circumstances he has noted belong to man in every age and clime, and might have been found in Great Britain, as well as Hindústan. The author was subsequently engaged in the Tamul translation of the Scriptures; he, therefore, felt it his duty to compare our authorized version with the original Hebrew, and he had also to choose between the text of that version and the marginal variations; in this labour he found the living commentary supplied by the habits and manners of the people by whom he was surrounded, of the highest value. This aid was judiciously used, and we have been informed, by competent authorities, that the Tamul Bible is among the most perfect of modern translations of the Scriptures.

Mr. Roberts anticipates an objection to his work—namely, that India, with which the Jews had little or no connexion, cannot, except by forced analogies, explain the peculiar habits of the latter people: to this he replies, that Abraham came from somewhere near India, and that the Israelites were captives to the Egyptians, whose religion was indisputably very similar to that of the Hindús. The first point is one of some importance to Mr. Roberts's argument, and we shall therefore examine it rather minutely. In Genesis, the native country of Abraham is called “Ur of the Chaldees,” or more correctly, “Aur of the Kasdim,” and this is generally supposed to be Ur, the city of Mesopotamia, noticed by Ammianus Marcellinus. We more than doubt the validity of this identification. Aur (אור) signifies “light,” and may therefore, like the Latin *Oriens*, be a general name for the remote east, whence light appears to dawn: when first mentioned in Genesis, it is distinctly called a territory (אֶרֶץ), and not a city. The emphatic name, “The Hebrew,” or person from beyond the river (העברי), given by the Canaanites to Abraham, would scarcely be applied to one from the neighbouring country of Mesopotamia, with which they had already an active commerce; and finally, the Kasdim are frequently spoken of as “the inhabitants of Babylonia” (שְׂבִי בָבֶל), seeming to intimate that they had migrated into that land. Indeed, it is as well established as any fact in ancient history, that the Kasdim, or Chaldeans, did not obtain possession of Mesopotamia until the seventh century before the Christian era. We are, therefore, disposed to look for the native country of Abraham more to the north-east, not improbably in the vicinity of Balkh.

From this same *officina gentium*, which in more recent times sent forth the Huns, the Avars, the Hungarians, or Magyars, the Moguls, and the Turks, modern researches have rendered it exceedingly probable that the Hindús originally came, that they entered India by the north-west, and gradually established their supremacy over the entire peninsula. Remnants of the more savage tribes they displaced may still be found in Hindústan, and in the south of India languages exist—for instance, the Tamul—which have no analogy to the Sanscrit. Indeed, we learn from the Rámáyana, that, when northern India contained several powerful, populous, and civilized communities, the southern part of the peninsula, which Ráma traversed during his exile, was wild and savage. Here and there, indeed, he meets Brahmin hermits, who appear in the cha-

raacter of missionaries. If this reasoning be correct, the Israelites and Hindús must have had a cognate origin: we must therefore be prepared to find striking similarities between the superstitions of the Kasdim, or Chaldees, and the paganism of the Hindús, and such similarities have been ably pointed out by Mr. Roberts.

“In conclusion, whether we look at the corresponding traits of character in Moloch and Kali; in Bál-peor and the Chiun of Amos; at the mutual assumption of either sex by Siva and his partner; at the term *Mother* being applied to the latter, and also to the Succoth-benoth (Astarte of Mylitta) of the Assyrian, Phœnician, Jewish, and other nations; at the cow's horns (so called) of Assyria, and the crescent of India; at the young virgins who made a sacrifice of chastity to the Succoth-benoth of antiquity, and to the consort of the Oriental Siva; at the use made of the regular female votaries of both systems; at their mutual assumption, on certain occasions, of the male attire; at the lion, as belonging to the goddess of Assyria, and also to her of India; to the festival of Shach or Saca, and that of Satti or Sakti in reference to the lascivious way in which it was conducted, and the peculiar garments worn on that occasion; at the term Salambo being the name of the one goddess, and also of the other; at its true meaning, in reference to a mountain where they mutually dwelt; at the Bál-peor of Assyria, and the Israelites; and the Osiris of Egypt, the Φαλλός of the Greeks, the Priapus of the Romans, and the Lingam of the Hindoos (worshipped now in the temples of the East); we see some of the most striking coincidences, which never could have been the result of anything but the identity of their origin.”

We shall now turn from the general question to some of the particular passages which our author has illustrated. In Gen. xv. 17, 18, the meaning of the burning lamp that passed between the several limbs of the animals that Abraham sacrificed, has greatly perplexed our divines. It is thus explained by Mr. Roberts:—

“It is an interesting fact, that the burning lamp or fire is still used in the East in confirmation of a covenant. Should a person in the evening make a solemn promise to perform something for another, and should the latter doubt his word, the former will say, pointing to the flame of the lamp, ‘That is the witness.’ On occasions of greater importance, when two or more join in a covenant, should the fidelity of any be questioned, they will say, ‘We invoke the lamp of the Temple’ (as a witness). When an agreement of this kind has been broken, it will be said, ‘Who would have thought this? for the lamp of the Temple was invoked.’”

The singular sacrifice of “the scape-goat” which Mr. Howitt has made the subject of one of the most powerful tales in ‘*Pantika*,’ is not without a parallel in Hindú superstitions.

“When a person is sick, he vows on his recovery to set a goat at liberty, in honour of his deity. Having selected a suitable one from his flocks, he makes a slit in the ear, or ties a yellow string round his neck, and lets it go whithersoever it pleases. Whoever sees the animal knows it to be a Nate-kadi, the vowed goat, and no person will molest it. Sometimes two goats are thus made sacred; but one of them will be offered soon, and the other kept for a future sacrifice.

“But it is not merely in time of sickness that they have recourse to this practice; for does a man wish to procure a situation, he makes a similar vow. Has a person heard that there are treasures concealed in any place, he vows to



Virava (should he find the prize) to set a goat at liberty, in honour of his name. When a person has committed what he considers a great sin, he does the same thing; but in addition to other ceremonies, he sprinkles the animal with water, puts his hands upon it, and prays to be forgiven.

"In large flocks there is generally a he goat, or ram, sacred to the deity, which will never be either sold or killed. The object is to prevent evil coming on the rest of the flock."

The Abyssinians are said to have a similar custom. When hostile tribes, wearied of warfare, resolve to make peace, they select a camel, on which they lay the blame of their mutual injuries; the camel has burned houses, plundered villages, murdered travellers, insulted females, &c., for all of which crimes he is either beaten to death, or driven out to perish of famine in the desert.

In Deut. xi. 10, we find the curious expression "watering with the foot," it is thus explained by our author:—

"To water a large garden requires three men, one of whom stands on a lever near the well (which has a rope and a bucket attached to it): on this he moves backward or forward, as the bucket, has to ascend or descend. Another person stands on the ground near the well, to pour the water into a basin. From this a channel, of about eight inches deep and nine broad, runs through the garden; and connected with it are smaller water courses, which go to the different beds and shrubs. The business of the third person, then, is to convey the water to its destined place, which he does by stopping the mouth of each course (where sufficient water has been directed) with a little earth; so that it flows on to the next course, till the whole be watered. On those herbs or shrubs which require an extra quantity he dashes the water plentifully with his foot!"

The following account of Hindú necromancy is thought, by Mr. Roberts, to illustrate the account of Saul and the Witch of Endor:—

"A man who is in distress, and who has resolved to consult with a familiar spirit, sends for two magicians: the one is called the *Manthera-sathe*, i. e. he who repeats the incantations; the other, the *Anjanam-Parkeravan*, i. e. he who looks, and who answers to the questions of the former. His hand is rubbed with the Anjanam, which is made of the burnt bones of the sloth and the skull of a virgin; and when the ceremonies have commenced, he looks steadily into his hand, and can never wink or take off his eyes till all shall be finished.

"On the ground are placed rice, cocoa nuts, plantains, areca nuts, betel leaves, milk, camphor, and frankincense. The chief magician then, with a loud voice, begins to invoke the nine gods—Ammon, Pulliär, Scandan, Aiyenar, Iyaner, Veerapatteran, Anjana, Anuman, Viraver. He then falls to the earth (as do all present) nine times, and begins to whisper and 'mutter,' whilst his face is in the 'dust,' and he who looks in the hand 'peeps' and stares for the beings who have to appear. All then stand up, and the first wizard asks the second, 'What do you see?' He replies, 'My hand is cracked, has opened, and I see on the ground.' 'What else do you see?' 'All around me is light—come, Pulliär, come.' 'He comes! he comes!' (His person, shape, and dress, are then described.) The other eight gods are now entreated to appear; and as they approach, the second person says, 'They come! they come!' and they are invited to be seated in the places prepared for them.

"The first magician then inquires of the assembled gods, what is the cause of the affliction, adversity, or danger, of the person for whom the ceremonies have been instituted? He who 'peeps' in the hand then replies, and mentions

the name of the evil spirit, who has produced all the mischief. The malignant troubler is summoned to appear, and to depart; but should he refuse, he is bound, and carried off by the gods.

"Is it not probable that Saul and the woman who had 'a familiar spirit at Endor,' were engaged in a similar way? Saul was in great distress, for the Lord would neither answer him 'by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets; and being wound up to desperation, he determined to consult 'with familiar spirits.' He took 'two men' with him, who were probably qualified like the two used by the Hindoos. From the fear which the woman showed, it is probable her incantations had not exactly answered her expectations, because 'she cried with a loud voice' when she saw Samuel, proving that she did not expect to see him, and that, therefore, he was sent by some other power. Saul inquired, 'What sawest thou?' which agrees with the question proposed by the first magician to his assistant, as to what he saw through the crack of his hand in the earth. The witch then replied to Saul, 'I saw gods ascending out of the earth,' which naturally reminds us of the nine gods which are believed to ascend after the incantations of the wizard. Saul then asked, 'What form is he of?' and the witch said he was old, and covered with a mantle, which also finds a parallel in the description of 'the shape and dress' given of Pulliär by the second magician.

"I am, therefore, of opinion, that God allowed Samuel to come to Saul, or sent him; and that the witch was confounded and terrified at the result of her incantations."

The circumstances on which Mr. Roberts has relied to prove the identity of the Jewish hero Samson and the Hindú Rámar are striking, but the circumstances of dissimilarity are, at least, equally so.

The judgment of Solomon is paralleled in the following Hindú legend:—

"A woman who was going to bathe left her child to play on the banks of the tank, when a female demon who was passing that way carried it off. They both appeared before the deity, and each declared the child was her own: the command was therefore given that each claimant was to seize the infant by a leg and an arm, and pull with all their might in opposite directions. No sooner had they commenced than the child began to scream, when the real mother, from pity left off pulling, and resigned her claim to the other. The judge therefore decided, that as she only had shown affection, the child must be hers."

That very characteristic drama, 'The Circle of Chalk,' translated from the Chinese by M. Stanislas Julien, (see *Athenæum*, No. 261,) is founded on a similar event in the history of China.

The selections we have made are sufficient to give our readers some notion of the nature and value of this work. In some instances the similarities appear to us forced, and the illustrations trifling; but, generally speaking, the volume will be found to contain a better explanation of the Oriental usages mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, than any other with which we are acquainted. It is, besides, a valuable record of the popular customs in southern India, and there are many passages interspersed interesting to the antiquarian and the historian.

*A Winter in the Far West.* By C. F. Hoffman. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

This is a reprint of an American work. It is pleasant and readable; and though the style be somewhat stilted and ornate, the narrative runs on smoothly and easily, and

when the writer has fairly arrived in the Far West, it becomes interesting. It is not a work to be criticised, and we shall best satisfy both author and reader, by selecting a few extracts. Here is an account of an Indian camp, on which the writer stumbled in the wilds of Michigan:—

"I was accompanied by my companion of yesterday; and as we were both well-mounted, we galloped over the openings towards Lyon Lake, at a rate that brought us in a few minutes to the white sand-beach which fringes that beautiful water. The marks of an Indian trail were here easily discernible; and following the foot-marks dashed in the yielding sand, the frequent print of moccasins soon led us again away from the shore into a tall wood beyond. A morass, that shook for yards around as our horses' hoofs encountered the sagging peat, was next to be crossed; and then passing between two small lonely-looking lakes, where a tall pine or two lifted its sweeping cone above the tapering tamaracks around, we struck at last into a dense forest. Here the numerous deer-runways, with the flocks of wild turkeys, and innumerable tracks of racoons, wolves, and bears, showed us that we were upon a favourite hunting-ground of the Potawatamies. As for the wolves, they are little disturbed by the Indians, who consider them fair hunters like themselves, and privileged to go unmolested. They generally abound around a hunting-camp; and soon grow fat on the offals of game slaughtered near it. But bears—though the successful hunter invariably takes his dead quarry by the paw, calls him his grandfather, and asks his pardon for killing him, 'being compelled to it by necessity'—are hunted with great avidity; and you generally find a tamarack swamp the favourite cover to these animals, in the vicinity of a hunting-camp.

We had ridden for about a mile through the heavily-timbered land, when reaching the banks of the Nottawasepe, a branch of the St. Joseph's, I heard the sound of children's voices, and descried two or three red urchins wading through the shallow stream on stilts, while others, of a similar age, were amusing themselves in shooting bows and arrows on the opposite side. We immediately forded the stream; and making our way into a swamp, where the horses sank to the knee at every step, came unexpectedly upon a piece of firm ground, some eighty yards in diameter, and found ourselves in the middle of the camp of Warpsiesick. It was composed of three or four wigwams only, but they were large, and probably contained several families each. \* \*

The day being mild for the season of the year, the indwellers of these simple habitations were, at the moment of our arrival, variously occupied in several groups on the outside. Some of the men were cleaning their weapons, and others were arranging a bundle of muskrat-traps; while one old fellow, whose screwed-up features, peering from under a mass of grizzled locks, indicated the cunning of the trapper rather than the boldness of the hunter, was occupied in flaying an otter but just taken. The women alone, however, appeared to be assiduously engaged—the men having all a lounging air of indolence incompatible with the idea of actual employment; pressing skins was the occupation of the former; and they sat grouped each like a hare in its form around a collection of boiling kettles, over which the skins were suspended.

"A tall virago of fifty, whose erect stature, elf-locks, and scarlet blanket floating about her person, would entitle her to flourish as Meg Merrilies in the frontispiece of Guy Mannering, stood up in the midst; and, had it not been for some tolerably pretty faces among her junior co-laborers, might have been taken for Hecate herself, surrounded by the weird sisters of the caldron. A pack of wolfish-looking curs, about

twenty in number, completed the assemblage. \* \* \* Warpkesick himself, the chief of the gipsy band, issued from his lodge while I was thus studying the appearance of his adherents. He was a young man, not more than thirty, with a handsome though somewhat voluptuous cast of countenance, and remarkably fine eyes. His stature was rather below the middle size; and though the upper part of his person was extremely well formed, with a deep chest and broad flat shoulders, one of his legs, whether from deformity or misfortune I did not like to inquire, was so twisted under his body as to be worse than useless. He supported himself upon an ashen staff about eight feet in length, and terminating at the bottom in a round ball, to prevent it, probably, from sinking too deeply into the earth while in rapid pursuit of game; the chief being, in spite of the unsightly incumbrance he is compelled to drag after him, when bounding like a stricken panther on his prey, one of the keenest hunters of his tribe. \* \* \*

"Pipes were now lit, and Ten-Garters, who was too unwell to smoke himself, politely, after a few whiffs, tendered me his; while my companion, who could partially speak the language, was supplied from another quarter: we were soon perfectly at home. I had picked up from the floor of the lodge, on entering, a rude musical instrument—a species of flute, of imperfect tones, but having a rich mellow sound—when as I was trying to squeeze a tune from the gamutless pipe, Warpkesick rose abruptly, and stating that he had to start at once on a trapping expedition, signified that we should take our departure. An Indian pony stood at the door, and leaping at one bound into the wooden saddle, an immense bundle of steel-traps was handed to the chief by a bystander: and accompanied by an Indian on foot, almost as sorry-looking as the miserable beast he rode, our abrupt host disappeared at once into the woods. I was lingering behind to purchase the flute, and had conciliated the squaws wonderfully by tearing out the silk lining of my frock-coat, and giving it in shreds to their children, when my friend, being already mounted, told me we had better move off. I had barely time to cross the saddle, when a whoop rang through the woods, which, while it made my horse spring almost from beneath me, would have awakened Rip Van Winkle from his twenty years' dose. The piercing cry from the forest was echoed with an exulting shout from every wigwam. A dozen dusky figures leaped through their flimsy porches, with as many rifles gleaming in their hands. He of the heron feather was the first that caught my eye, and as his gun pointed in the direction whence the first whoop came, immediately behind me, I could not help, in spite of the undesirable propinquity of its muzzle, admiring the eagle eye and superb attitude of the young warrior. Not a soul advanced three paces from the covert whence he sprang. There was a dead silence. The children held their breath, and 'Meg Merrilies,' who had stepped on a fallen tree at the first outcry, now stood so still that her eldritch form, were it not for the elf-locks streaming over her scarlet blanket in the breeze, might have been mistaken for a figure of stone. Another whoop, and the cause of all the commotion at once appeared. A noble buck, roused from his lair by Warpkesick, comes bounding by the camp, and buries his proud antlers in the dust in a moment. A dozen scalping-knives pierce his leathern coat, and the poor creature is stripped of his skin almost before he has time to pant out his expiring breath."

The following is somewhat more sombre:—

"Seeing a melancholy looking squaw with an infant in her arms hanging about the farm-house, I left my landlady turning some venison cutlets and grilled grouse, to see how the aborigines fared in this cold weather. A pretty Indian girl

of fourteen, driving a couple of half-starved ponies, indicated the camp of her friends. They proved to be a very inferior band, having but two hunters, and those inefficient looking fellows, to a score of women and children. Sheer necessity had compelled them to encamp near the settlement; and a more squalid, miserable-looking set of creatures I never beheld. \* \* \*

"Returning to the farm-house, I found a little girl playing on the floor with several strings of beads, which the squaw first mentioned had just parted with to purchase food for her starving infant. The family, however, though they suffered the child to retain the ornaments, supplied the poor woman with food and comforts to ten times their value. The Indian mother, I was told, though nearly fainting from exhaustion, asked for nothing except for her child; and seemed deeply affected when, after by signs appraising the whites of her situation, she obtained the required sustenance."

A scene at a tavern among the settlers, has but little more of civilized life about it; it is, however, full of character:—

"Stranger, will you take a cocktail with us?" called out a tall athletic fellow to me as I was making my way through a group of wild looking characters assembled an hour since around the fire by which I am now writing. There was a long-haired 'hoosier' from Indiana, a couple of smart-looking 'suckers' from the southern part of Illinois, a keen-eyed leather-belted 'badger' from the mines of Ouisconsin, and a sturdy yeoman-like fellow, whose white capot, Indian moccasins, and red sash, proclaimed, while he boasted a three years' residence, the genuine *wolverine*, or naturalized Michigianian. Could one refuse to drink with such a company? The spokesman was evidently a 'red-horse' from Kentucky, and nothing was wanting but a 'buck-eye' from Ohio to render the assemblage as complete as it was select. I was in the midst of the first real prairie I had ever seen—on an island of timber, whose lee, while making slow headway for the last two hours, with a biting breeze on my beam, it had been my whole object, aim, and ambition, to get—a comfortable bar-room, a smoking 'cocktail,' a worshipful assemblage, (Goldsmith's Club was a fool to it,) had never entered my dreams! Could I refuse to drink with such a company? The warm glass is in my frozen fingers. The most devout temperance man could see no harm in that! It is touched smartly by the rim of the red-horse,—it is brushed by the hoosier,—it rings against the badger,—comes in companionable contact with the wolverine,—'My respects to you, gentlemen, and luck to all of us!'

"Here was a capital commencement with just the sort of salad of society I have been long wishing to meet with, having as yet only tasted its component parts in detail. But, auspicious as was the beginning, I nearly got into a difficulty with my new acquaintances a few moments afterward, by handing the landlord a share of the reckoning; and I took back the coin forced upon me, with many apologies upon my part for having presumed to pay part of a 'general treat,' while labouring under the disqualifications of being a stranger. Room was then civilly made for me by the fireplace, and, accepting a pipe proffered by one of the company, a few whiffs made me sufficiently sick and at home to lay it by without further ceremony. 'There's a smart chance of cigars there in the bar, stranger, if you'd try some of them,' said one of the hoosiers.—'Yes,' echoed the other; 'and they are a heap better than those pipes.'—'I allow,' rejoined another of the company; 'but I wish that fellow would shut the door; he must think that we were all raised in a saw-mill, and then he looks so peert whenever he comes in.'—'Poor fellow!' ejaculated one who had not yet spoken, 'he is considerably troubled with youthness.'

"From the eastern side, stranger?" said another to me; 'I'm told it's tolerable frog pasture. Now, here the soil's so deep one can't raise any long scarce—they all get pulled through the other side. We can winter our cows, however, on wooden clocks, there's so many Yankees among us,' &c.

"A scattering conversation was kept up in similar quaint expressions for some time; but I will not tire you with enumerating more of those which fell under my observation. These unique terms, indeed, were poured out so copiously, that it was impossible for one's memory, though elastic as a pair of saddle-bags, to retain them. At last a train and a couple of carioles drove up to the door; and I discovered, upon their bundling merrily into their vehicles, that the whole company were bound for a wedding."

We have many scenes of border outrage and Indian warfare. The following anecdote would seem to be a *little* coloured by the imagination:—

"These sole survivors of a bloody fray had each been disabled in a contest which was fatal to their companions. One had been shot through the hips, so as temporarily to paralyse both his legs; the other had both arms broken; yet each, after being struck down in the heat of the fight, had managed to crawl into an adjacent thicket, and so effectually to conceal himself, that the savages who had assailed their party, after scalping the fallen, departed and left their retreat uninvaded. Many hours intervened, and apprehension kept each of the wounded men so silent that he was wholly unaware of the vicinity or even the existence of the other. At length, he who had the use of his arms, being pinched with hunger, ventured to shoot a raccoon which wandered near him. His former comrade called out at the report of the gun; but the other, fearing some Indian wile, refused to answer until the man presented himself before him. Mutual gratulation of course ensued; and then he that had the use of his legs kicked the raccoon towards the other, who, having flayed and cooked it, fed his companion. Their situation for pioneers after a battle seemed tolerably comfortable! but, unable to move from his sitting posture, he that was wounded in the hips must have perished from thirst, if the other, who was deprived of the use of his hands, had not taken his hat in his mouth, and, wading to his chin in the river, dipped up a cooling draught for his feverish friend. In this condition they are said to have remained for more than ten days; the walking gentleman driving turkeys and other game near enough for the sifter to shoot, and the sitting gentleman cooking the meals which the walker thus provided,—the latter in the meantime carrying the hat to the river as regularly as a bucket to a well. Ultimately a boat descending the Ohio relieved them from their mutual offices, and both are said to have afterward recovered."

We may perhaps hereafter select a few more anecdotes.

*Hennebon; or, the Countess of Montfort and Bertha of Burgundy.* London: Bentley.  
*Pierce Falcon, the Outcast.* By Emma Whitehead. London: Bentley.

*Sydney Beresford.* By the Author of 'The Bandit's Bride.' London: Sherwood & Co. UNFORTUNATELY, we waded through the labyrinths of plot, and the mysteries, and the delicate embarrassments of these nine volumes, before we took pen in hand to describe their separate characters; and, in consequence, they have become so connected and entangled in our minds, that we can no more separate them than, in eating a sandwich, we could follow the suggestion wherewith the hungry, half-tamed shrew was tantalized,



and content ourselves with the "mustard without the beef." If we may go on with the sandwich illustration, then 'Hennebon' most assuredly stands for the bread—sound and satisfying—neither very coarse, nor very fine, nor very new. We hardly know by the taste whether 'Pierce Falcon' be fish, flesh, or fowl; if the latter (according to its name), the bird is a strange one, and a little tough: we had no doubt of the quality of the seasoning, &c., as soon as we read the well-remembered name of 'The Bandit's Bride,' in the title-page. But the author has lost some of her old savour in 'Sydney Beresford,' and for this reason, perhaps her "tale of the day" is all the fitter condiment for the others.

But, for the benefit of those who may like to be told "all about it" in plain English, better than any figures of speech, we have a grave word or two to say of these three stories. The first is a romance upon the well-known incidents of the siege of Hennebon, with its characters and adventures gathered from Froissart, as might be expected. If there is no very striking interest in it, it is void of all offence, in conception or execution, and will be found pleasantly readable by those who are younger and less inured than ourselves to "knights in helmet barred," and "ladies who kissed through the lattice," and other such matters of chivalry.—We can hardly say more for 'Pierce Falcon,' or indeed as much, if we begin to thread its impossibilities and contradictions. A young lady chooses to love and shelter a noted gamester and profligate—to spoil all the love affairs in her neighbourhood, and, though found out, to make herself tolerated and admired. We do not believe in the existence of such a being as Jessy Maravel. We had much ado to force ourselves through this novel; and the hope, that some compensating scene or incident would reward us for our labour, was, we are sorry to say, disappointed.—'Sydney Beresford' is better than the above, because it is written with a more direct purpose-like style. It also turns upon the love-entanglements and troubles of two friends—one of whom chooses to attach himself to a worthless coquette; but Clara Elrington is a trifle more audacious and heroic than Jessy Maravel. The authoress is, indeed, liberal of ladies, and has created two charming country maidens—a gay one and grave one, to whom, in due time, is committed the redress of all grievances.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Memoirs of Mirabeau, Biographical, Literary, and Political, by Himself, his Father, his Uncle, and his Adopted Child.' Vol. I. & II.—We offered an analysis of these two volumes long since (No. 327), and see no cause to alter or add to our notice, now that the memoirs are presented to the public in an English translation. The book is put together in a very unsatisfactory manner: the compiler appears to us to have told some things, and suppressed others, with more regard to his own caprices, than the enlightenment of the reader; the result is, that, as far as these volumes are concerned, we gain no very clear idea of the subjects of his biography, save of that old Marquis John Anthony Mirabeau, who stands out in distinct relief. For the rest, after reading the strange, unnatural, clever letters of Mirabeau's father, and the entire detail of the persecutions and intrigues, and *lettres de cachet*, and attachments, which fill the

second volume, we are half tempted to come to the pithy conclusion, with which a good old nursery ballad starts off—

The father was mad—the mother was mad—  
And the children were mad beside.

'Latham's Address to the Authors of England and America.'—The author proposes a new alphabetical arrangement and a new system of orthography, by which the analogy between sound and spelling might be rendered perfect. Now, instead of making the sound a guide to the spelling, it would be wiser to make the spelling in every case direct the sound. Could the readers and speakers of England and America be persuaded to agree in a uniform system of pronunciation, there would be no need of altering one letter in any English word, and the author's objects would be attained at once. But if they cannot under the present system of orthography, what chance is there of their agreeing in the pronunciation of Mr. Latham's? Is it not clear that usage and custom would still produce variations of sound? and then what should we have to compensate us for obliterating all traces of the analogies of our language?

'England, France, Russia, and Turkey.'—This very able examination of the political aspect of the East, is manifestly the production of a man who has had favourable opportunities of closely observing the Turkish character. He proves that there are elements of regeneration in Turkey, which, rightly directed, may raise that power to its former independence; and he shows that Russia has acquired her present supremacy more by diplomatic art than by military skill or valour; further that the arduous duties of the legations at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, would tax to the uttermost the abilities of the most eminent statesmen; and that, if these important missions be lightly intrusted to incompetent persons, the interests of England and the independence of Europe will be exposed to imminent peril.

'Ireland by Lenio.'—The author attributes all the evils of Ireland to the existence of the Established Church, and proposes its immediate abolition. The author's views are stated with temper and ability.

'Bertrand's Revolutions of the Globe.'—This admirable work has fortunately fallen into the hands of a translator, anxious and able to do it justice. Mr. Horry is well acquainted, both with zoological and geological science; he delights in the study of those Fossil Remains, which Cuvier happily compared to "medals struck by Nature to commemorate the revolutions in her empire." The work is a valuable collection of facts; theories are rarely propounded, mere conjectures, never; the style is clear and simple, difficult terms are explained, and all the formalities of science discarded. The acquirements of an ordinary education will have sufficiently prepared the reader to derive pleasure and profit from the perusal of this volume.

'The Hazard of the Die, by Douglas Jerrold.'—Favourable mention having been made of this Drama in the theatrical department of the *Athenæum*, at the time of its production at Drury Lane Theatre, we need do no more than wish its ingenious and industrious author success in this and all his other undertakings.

'Jones's Book of the Heart.'—This is rather too sentimental a title for a religious work, but it is the only fault of the volume, which is written in the spirit of Sir Matthew Hale's aphorism, "True religion consisteth of great, plain, necessary things."

'Griffin's Book of Trades.'—The author has collected the best accounts of the various processes used in the arts of social life, and arranged his information with considerable skill. It is an excellent work for young persons, and will gratify their natural curiosity, and enlarge their sphere of observation.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE CRETAN SARCOPHAGUS.

A magnificent Sarcophagus was discovered last year in Crete, by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who patriotically brought it to England, and proposes, we hear, to present it to the University of Cambridge. It is of Parian marble, and more than seven feet long, and in fine preservation. It was found in a small plain, near a village called Ayo Vasile, seven or eight miles from Viano, and though broken into many pieces, the whole has been ingeniously united under the direction of Chantrey, in whose studio it may be seen by all who are curious in antique sculpture.

The ends, as well as front of the sarcophagus, including the cover or lid, are entirely sculptured. The subject is the triumphant return of Bacchus from India, and though this seems to have little connexion with death and the grave, it must be borne in mind that the god was born in the isle, and that the Cretans invented the orgies in his honour. The figures are in high relief: a naked youth, stooping under a wine-skin, accompanied by a musician, leads the procession; an elephant follows, with three girls on its back, playing on the double pipe and cymbals; Silenus, sufficiently intoxicated, is borne after by two youths, who seem not unconscious of the weight, while a satyr follows, striking a tambourine, and actually leaping into the air with delight. A male and female centaur succeed; "one seems woman to the waist, and fair, but ending foul;" the other has his brows bound in vine leaves, and seems in a passion, which his female companion tries to soothe, by throwing her arm round his neck; an empty cup, depending from her fingers, intimates that wine has something to do with the wrath which agitates him; this is more distinctly intimated by the action of the closing group. Bacchus appears—all youth and beauty—grave rather than joyous—in a splendid car, on a panel of which a youth and satyr are contending: the right hand of the god elevates a trophy, while the left hand protects a trembling faun, his companion in the car, at whom the angry centaur seems in the act of throwing a wine-cup. The fear of the one, and the surly wrath of the other, are well expressed. Two men, on one end of the sarcophagus, seem disputing about a child, which they are bearing away in a basket; while on the other end two cupids are engaged in an attempt to put a tipsy satyr to bed; drapery is suspended between two trees; the urchins have their friend on their shoulders, and are striving, on tiptoe, to heave him up, while a quiet smile is playing over the brows and in the corners of his mouth, at their fruitless endeavours. All this seems more akin to luxurious painting than to the simplicity and gravity of sculpture. The relief wrought on the lid is of a still more joyous character.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS is the twelfth Exhibition of the Society of British Artists: it contains eight hundred and odd pictures, drawings, and pieces of sculpture; some better than heretofore, and none worse, while such is the excellence of the light, and the skill of the arrangement, that all is seen distinctly, and nothing is crowded. That the labours of this association are welcome to the public, there are proofs on the walls, for many of the pictures are marked *sold*: nor are other proofs wanting: many persons of talent and title were present at the private view on Saturday last; and we trust there will be profit as well as honour to all concerned before the Exhibition closes. All our readers may not happen to know that the limited galleries and strict regulations of the Royal Academy occasioned the establishment of this Association. It was felt—and felt too by some who are now Royal Academicians—that forty mem-

bers were too few for the present diffusion of art—that the reserved right of the forty to choose the best places in the galleries, and to correct and improve their own productions between the hour of hanging the pictures and opening the Exhibition—and, finally, to have the exclusive pleasure of disposing of the money taken at the doors, were powers profitable to the few, and hurtful to the many; and, following up these sentiments, this Society was established. That such men as Martin, and Haydon, and Creswick, and others, should desire to share in the honours of the Royal Academy, cannot be wondered at: the former, we know, tried; and as he did not succeed, he did not choose to run the risk of rejection again: but who can deny his right even to one of the highest places?

We are of those who wish well to the Royal Academy: we know it is useful in training the young, and sometimes in cheering the old and the helpless, and that the genius of a score or more, and the respectability of all, give it weight and influence. We wish we were sure that such institutions are favourable to original genius: academies are fruitful in mediocrity: the dull and the presumptuous are tempted to try their hand by the facilities which lecturers, keepers, inspectors, and models afford, and, marvellous to relate, those are the persons who carry off the highest prizes—the gold medals of the Academy. They win them, and wear them; and then, exhausted by the effort, fall quietly to leeward, and sink into oblivion. Not so some of the unsuccessful competitors; the originality of their talent had startled their judges, for more than a moiety of the members think as others thought before them, and stung, and not a little injured, they assert, as Flaxman did, their title to the highest honours by works of beauty and sublimity. We have been led into this train of thought, first, through the Institution whose works we are about to notice more in detail: secondly, from a little work written on the subject, and with no ungenerous feeling, by Mr. Rennie, the sculptor; and, thirdly, because Mr. Ewart threatens, in a notice which he has given, to lay the rough hand of a reforming House of Commons upon the Royal Academy, and examine their rights, and inquire in what way they have exercised their powers.

We have no wish to criticise in detail the works of art before us: pictures, the offspring of history or imagination, are not so rare on these walls as we have seen them: scenes from domestic life are numerous; there are landscapes of no common merit, some good portraits, and many, very many, snatches of scenery, and personations of verse, put into the limits of six inches square, which are beautiful gems—as men of virtù and dealers in the article pronounce them. The walls are studded with these brilliant bits, and they are appreciated, for “sold” is stamped on not a few. The drawings are well worthy of notice; some are elegant and masterly. A few pieces of sculpture deserve our approbation; they are not indeed of a high order, but one or two subjects are poetically conceived, and three or four are copied skilfully from nature.

There are half-a-dozen works by Martin, one of which, No. 195, at least is equal to any of that eminent artist's pictures. It is a scriptural scene, and represents “David sparing Saul at Hachilah.” The King of Israel is sleeping on the ground with his chief captains and his host around him: all is still; the clouds lower ominous—the moon sheds a fitful light on tree and rock, and on the armour of the weary soldiers; while David, with a magnanimity worthy of the crown which he was destined to wear, forbears to strike the blow, though he might have imagined that fate had delivered his great adversary into his hand. This work satisfies the imagination. His picture, No. 258, of “Judith Attiring,” is less to our liking;

the colouring is vivid, and the drawing is not inaccurate: but we are not of those who think the flesh and blood of this artist equal to his poetic conception in historic landscape; yet, in the expression of feeling, he is improving.

The next in merit to the Saul, is the “Cassandra,” No. 149, of Haydon, painted, it seems, for the Duke of Sutherland. The artist thus describes his own work. “The instant Cassandra arrived with Agamemnon at the entrance to the palace, and had descended from the chariot to enter, she was suddenly seized with a dreadful inspiration, and screamed out, ‘There will be murder in that palace!’” This is the moment taken in the picture. Egysthus, alarmed lest the plot should be discovered, seizes the dagger to stab the King at once; the Queen, more collected, seizes his right hand to stop him, while she is enticing the King to descend with the other.” It is well for Haydon that his painting is clearer than his description; in truth, the picture is a very fine one, and we consider it a valuable acquisition to the Sutherland Gallery.

The landscapes of Creswick are five in number: all are beautiful, but No. 286, “Westminster Bridge from Vauxhall Stairs,” is surpassing: there is an elegance and delicacy in the scene worthy of Turner or Callcott. He is all nature, yet it is nature elevated and adorned by art. Chambers too has some fine fresh scenes. Wilson has contributed seven; they have all his usual force and truth, and more than his usual sweetness. Judkin too—poet, priest, and painter—we write the words with reverence—has reminded us of his powers in No. 11, “A Rocky Valley.”

Where oft the spotted deer would come  
And slake its thirst within the running stream  
Unfearingly.

[To be continued.]

#### ON THE REBUILDING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Having seen a letter in the *Morning Herald* of to-day—a letter addressed to the Editor by Sir Edward Cust—on the subject of the rebuilding the two Houses of Parliament, I request you will do me the favour to afford room for the insertion of a few remarks in the columns of your paper, devoted, as they are, to objects connected with literature and science.

I must beg leave, *in limine*, in the name of some of its members, not in the lowest rank of the profession of architecture, to repudiate the sympathy expressed for “the intelligent and industrious class—(meaning architects)—who are slighted and depressed,” when competitions are not adopted in the construction of public buildings. I dissent *in toto* from the assumption which calls it forth, and dare to affirm that it is competition, which, by placing the man of experience and science on the same level with the uneducated and the tyro, degrades and depresses the profession, and has rendered it such that no man, entertaining just views of the importance of character, and of the necessity for extensive cultivation of the intellect in its professors, will now be found to embrace it, when these have no influence in the decision, and wherein the possession of them is unnecessary to success. In the generality of competitions, the architect has to contend against favoritism and prejudice; for although “the commission” may consist of persons of the greatest integrity, who would repel with scorn the idea of being biased by such motives, conscientiously relying upon the honesty of their intentions; yet human nature has not reached that *bene idem* which guarantees the best principles of mankind against the unfelt and unseen workings of such inherent imperfections. When, however, the commission is of a less elevated character, and the opportunity for manoeuvring is afforded to expert tacticians, who employ external influence, and do not hesitate to avail themselves of artifices of every description, it is against the most eminent in the profession, who spurn at intrigue, that competition chiefly militates. The favoritism to which I allude, is not only that which is felt towards an individual competitor, but includes the desire of propitiating by a selection which would be acceptable in other, and perhaps remote, quarters. No one knows better than myself how much may be, and has been, effected by such means, in the generality of competitions.

Three pupils, who had not completed their term of probation in my office, recently abandoned the profession, and, with my concurrence, entered at one of the Universities, to qualify themselves for the Bar and the Church. Another, a youth of great promise, wisely sought a more humble, but less capricious profession.

I cannot regard, with any degree of complacency, the vanity and presumption of the Vistros of modern times, who claim for themselves alone the possession of judgment in matters of taste, but who are disqualified from acting as impartial judges in competitions, inasmuch as they entertain, and frequently betray, the very worst kind of prejudice—that in favour of their own pretensions, which leads to the rejection of what is not in strict accordance with these, and to recommend what may have been designed in servile deference to known partialities. Of all the judges in competitions, defend me from the race of gifted amateur architects, whose vanity is inflated by the constant whispers of the demon!

Sir Edward Cust asks why, “if competition be found to be the soul of excellence in every other work of industry, architecture is to constitute an exception to every other profession, and every other branch of art?” I may answer, that architecture is not a work of industry alone, but that a competent knowledge of it results from the exercise of industry in the acquirement of a thousand qualifications necessary to form the complete architect, engrossing all his time and all his thought, and therefore a work of intellect. To become a judge of such attainments, a man must himself possess them in an eminent degree. Where, then, is the use of competitions, when such judges are not to be found beyond the pale of the profession?

It may be true that, in some professions, “competition is the soul of excellence”; but not such competitions as those to which Sir Edward Cust alludes. In the learned professions of Divinity, Law, and Physic, —and, without insisting upon the possession of all that Vitruvius declares essential to the perfection of professors, Architecture is also a learned profession,—what is the kind of competition which leads to perfection?—not that wherein the decree of greater merit is pronounced by judges wholly ignorant of their principles and practice! In the classical and mathematical contentions of our Universities, the candidates not only engage freely, but they court competition, because their judges, being persons better instructed than themselves, are in a position to discriminate between every degree of comparative merit. Until architecture can be subjected to some such competent tribunal, competition becomes a matter of chance, and is, on that account, advocated by a portion of the profession, who may be gainers, but cannot be losers. A man of established reputation risks the loss of it by a failure, which cannot affect the character of those who have none to risk. These, when they fail, have the consolation of knowing that failure, in a competition against men of eminence, is attended with no discredit; whilst those may see their laurels torn from their brows by men “unknown to fame”; whose designs, planned without a competent knowledge of construction, may, like “the baseless fabrics of a vision,” be incapable of execution.

It is not worthy of Sir Edward Cust to reprobate the selection of an architect in public works, in preference to election by competition, as “the continuance of a system under which the public money has been wasted.” This view of the subject may gain him converts amongst the clique of pseudo-economists; but he must know that economy is not always the final result arising from the election of those who, to obtain employment, pretend to build cheaply. To build cheaply, is to build badly! The system may answer the temporary purposes of the speculator; but he who aims at the erection of a building *ere perennius* will not obtain the object by such means.

If Colonel Cust's motives were guided by a laudable desire to raise the profession of architecture in the public esteem, he would not advocate that kind of control which would force upon the architect the necessity of reconsidering, from time to time, the several details of his work; which means, in other words, to force him to adopt the crude and capricious suggestions of an irresponsible dictator, which neither add to general effect, nor the excellence of execution. He may have met with men who will stoop to such servility, but no architect of character will submit to rest his responsibility upon the taste and caprice of another.

If competition can be tolerated at all, it must be under circumstances where success or failure will affect all the competitors equally; and this condition must necessarily limit the number of candidates. Still the great and irremediable inconvenience will remain, unless judges can be found capable of distinguishing between shades of difference. Amateurs can only be qualified by the gift of inspiration; and there are not wanting those who flatter themselves—oh, egregious dupes!—that they possess it.

Feb. 16, 1835.

I remain, Sir, &c.  
AN ARCHITECT.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Italian Opera is, it is said, to open to-night, with “Tancredi,” a Russian *prima donna*, and Signora Brambilla as *contralto*. We shall believe that this long-desired event will take place when we find ourselves in our favourite corner of the pit, waiting, as we always do, with an eagerness which years do not take away, for the tuning of the orchestra. If Madame

Finckhlor be only as charming a singer as her countryman Ivanoff, we hope she will remain throughout the season. Apropos of operas—the company performing at Liverpool have just completed their season with such success, that we are told that their periodical return to that town is almost a matter of certainty. The naturalization of this amusement in the provinces is a great point gained for music.

The library of the late Prince Hoare, Esq., bequeathed by his will to the Royal Society of Literature, has been removed this week, to the Society's house, in St. Martin's Place. Mr. Hoare was one of the original members and most active friends of the Society.

We have seen an extract from a private letter, dated Vienna, which mentions the Letters of Goethe and Zelter (of which, according to promise, we this week give a review), as engrossing all attention just now throughout Germany.

When we look around us, and compare our present estate with that of former years, we are half inclined to believe that there has been some mistake in the seasons—that this is not spring—at all events, not the publishers' spring. We are, however, on the look out for one or two novelties.—Mrs. Norton's novel is, we are told, "just ready," and Wordsworth promises us an early glimpse of his 'Yarrow revisited.' We are glad also to see an announcement of new poems by Montgomery, of Sheffield.—We have also received, at an hour too late to admit of our noticing it, Captain Boteler's 'Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery to Africa and Arabia,' performed in H.M.S. *Leven*, under the command of Captain Owen.—As to the Arts, some among their disciples work with pen as well as pencil; and we observe that Mr. Haydon is again preparing to agitate the question, so often brought forward, and so eagerly contested—the encouragement of historical painting in this country by the government.

The subscription medal, in honour of Sir John Soane, is to be presented to him on Tuesday next; and, on the evening of the same day, copies will be delivered to the subscribers at Freemason's Hall.

The first Antient Concert took place on Wednesday week; the performances were under the direction of the Duke of Cumberland, and afforded little matter calling for a separate report—we shall look for more novelty and contrast in the schemes over which the Lords Burghersh, Howe, Cawdor, &c., have influence.

Ere we quit the subject of music we must just mention the death of Dressler, the flutist, which recently took place at Mayence. We are sorry that he has left a widow and young family in a state of utter destitution. A subscription on their behalf, has been entered into by some of his countrymen and musical friends.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 12.—The Rev. Philip Jennings, D.D. and V.P. the chair.

The following papers were read: the first, entitled 'Researches towards establishing a Theory of the Dispersion of Light,' by the Rev. Baden Powell, F.R.S. The second was a continuation of a former paper on the twenty-five feet zenith telescope, lately erected at the Royal Observatory, by John Pond, Esq. F.R.S. Astronomer Royal.

March 19.—Sir John Rennie, V.P. in the chair. A paper was read, entitled 'Some account of the Eruption of Vesuvius, which occurred in 1834,' by Professor Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 25.—Charles Lyell, Esq., President, in the chair.

A paper was first read, 'On the Volcanic

Strata exposed by a section made on the site of the new thermal spring, discovered near the town of Torre dell'Annunziata, in the Bay of Naples; with some remarks on the gases evolved by this and other springs connected with the Volcano of Campania,' by Professor Daubeny, M.D. F.G.S.—A letter was afterwards read from Lieut. Fryer, R.N. addressed to Charles Lyell, Esq. on the appearances of elevation of land on the west coast of South America.

March 11.—The President in the chair.—A paper was first read, entitled 'Description of a bed of recent marine shells near Elie, on the southern coast of Fifeshire,' by W. J. Hamilton, Esq. Sec. G.S.—A paper was afterwards read, entitled 'Observations on the Diluvium of Finchley, Middlesex, and its vicinity,' by Edward Spencer, Esq. F.G.S.

### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Meeting took place on Monday, and was very numerous attended; the Marquis of Lansdowne (President,) in the chair. The report of the Council began, by congratulating the members on the state and prospects of the Society. The actual number of its Fellows, deducting deaths, &c. up to the present time, was 398; and the Council expressed their opinion, that no Society could show so satisfactory a list in the first year of its existence.

The Council then adverted to the loss which the Society has experienced by the death of Mr. Malthus, one of the principal founders of the Society; and pronounced a just eulogium on him.

It was then stated, that the Council have not yet thought fit to exercise their power of recommending any Foreign Members for election by the Society in addition to M. Quetelet, whose name is already inrolled among its original supporters; deeming it expedient to postpone the selection of foreign members until the proceedings of the Society have been farther matured. One especial object which the Council has had in view, was the encouragement of Corresponding Provincial Societies; and they were gratified at being able to announce, that Statistical Institutions are either formed, or on the point of formation, in various parts of the kingdom.

The financial affairs of the Society, as appeared by the Treasurer's accounts, are very flourishing. The receipts to the 31st of December, for the past year, amounted to 1207l. 10s.; and the expenses to 491l. 10s. 10d.; leaving a balance in favour of the Society of 715l. 19s. 2d., which includes the sum of 567l., the amount of compositions, invested in the reduced 3½ per cents. Besides the above balance, there remained due to the Society, for outstanding subscriptions on account of 1834, the sum of 151l. 4s., thus augmenting the assets at the close of last year to 867l. 3s. 2d.

Certain alterations in the laws and regulations were then submitted to, and adopted by the meeting. In regard to the circulation of an extensive list of queries, alluded to in the prospectus issued on the formation of the Society, it was stated that the subject is still under consideration; but that the formation of such a list necessarily demands considerable time, and it is desirable that none should be issued with the sanction of the Society, which has not received very mature consideration. Meanwhile, an experiment had been made in the transmission of a circular form, with the view to obtain authenticated returns from savings banks.

At the Evening Meeting, Lieut.-Col. Sykes, V.P. in the chair, among the donations lying on the table, we noticed particularly a manuscript work, in nine folio volumes, entitled 'Généralités de la France en 1698,' being a complete statistical account of the different provinces of that country, compiled by order of the French

government during the reign of Louis XIV. This curious document was presented to the Society by Mr. Drinkwater, already a liberal donor. There is every reason to suppose that this is the original MS., and that no copy of it is in existence, even in the French archives. The work is in a state of excellent preservation, and written in a remarkably clear and legible text-hand.

The Secretary then read a paper, by Mr. Porter, on the Statistics of Spain; being an analysis of a work, lately published under that title, by Mons. A. Moreau de Jonnés, the gentleman who has been charged by the French government with the task of compiling a statistical account of the French monarchy, on which work, we understand, he is now sedulously engaged, with the hope and expectation of completing it before the close of the present year. We subjoin a short statement of the results arrived at, respecting a country the least known of all the countries of Europe.

The territory and population of the Spanish monarchy are nearly as follows:—

	Sq. Leag.	Inhabts.	Inhabts.
		sq. leag.	sq. leag.
Spain and the Balearic Isles	18,890	14,600,000	850
Canary Islands	830	200,000	240
Cuba and Porto Rico	5,010	856,000	171
Philippine Islands	13,102	2,525,000	200
Settlements on the African Coast (Ceuta and Penon de Velez)	4	4,000	1,000
	37,002	18,245,000	500

In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Spanish monarchy, under Charles V., comprehended an extent of 525,444 square leagues, of which nearly one-tenth was in Europe; being almost three times the extent of the Spanish possessions in this quarter of the globe at the present day. The colonies in America were estimated at that time to contain more than 450,000 square leagues. With the exception of Russia, the territory here mentioned is greater than that possessed by any other European power.

According to those portions which have been preserved of a statistical account of Spain, drawn up by order of Philip II.,† the religious establishment of that country consisted, in the time of Charles V., of 58 Archbishops; 684 Bishops; 11,400 Abbés; 936 Chapters; 127,000 Parishes; 7000 Religious Hospitals; 23,000 Monastic Orders and Congregations; 59,500 Convents, 46,000 for men—13,500 for women; 312,000 Secular Clergy; 400,000 Monks and Nuns, 200,000 Lay Brothers: making 912,000 Ecclesiastics!

The arable land now under cultivation in Spain, is estimated at about 15,000,000 of English acres, which is double the quantity under tillage thirty years ago. Taking into account the fallows, it thus appears that about one-fourth of the area of Spain is at this time under cultivation. One half of the kingdom is supposed to be in pasture, supporting 400,000 horses, 3,000,000 of horned cattle, and 18,000,000 of sheep. The forests of Spain occupy only one twelfth part of the surface of the country, and the remainder is made up of sterile mountains and of rivers.

Spain contained in 1723 about seven millions and a half of inhabitants. Its population is now very nearly fifteen millions, so that it has taken 111 years to double the number of its inhabitants. This increase, however, has not been in a regular scale of progression. From 1803 to 1826, a period of twenty-three years, the increase was 3,361,000 souls, showing an advance of 30 per cent. upon the number in 1803; according to which rate, the population would double itself in less than sixty years.

In regard to the agricultural productions, it appears, that they have increased during the last

† This is evidently the document which, not long since, so strangely misled a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. (See *Athenæum*, No. 232).



twenty years even more rapidly than the population. The quantity of corn now harvested suffices for the whole increased population, whereas, in 1803, the then inferior population had to look elsewhere to supply a deficiency of one-fifth of the quantity of corn necessary for its support. The quantity of grain now produced is estimated at twenty-two millions of bushels, which is nearly double the quantity yielded at the end of the last century. Horned cattle have not similarly increased. Although more than one-half of the kingdom is pasturage, there is only one horned beast to every five inhabitants, which is less than half the proportion in this country. Sheep have increased more than one-half since 1803. The flocks furnish annually nearly forty millions of pounds of wool, worth about 3,200,000*l*.

The annual consumption of meat throughout the kingdom for each inhabitant is not more than twenty-two pounds. The consumption, in the whole of France, is thirty-six pounds, and in Paris eighty-six. In the whole of Great Britain the annual consumption is ninety-two; and, in London, one hundred and forty-three pounds in the year for each inhabitant.

The total net produce of Spain, thirty years ago, arising from agricultural and industrious sources, was estimated at 34,420,840*l*, or 3*l*. 8*s*. 10*d*. per inhabitant. M. Moreau de Jonnés estimates the total present net produce at 48,759,160*l*. The expenses of production, which amounted to three-fifths of the gross value thirty years ago, are now lessened by the diminished cost of transport; but, on the other hand, the prices of agricultural produce are very greatly reduced. The foreign commerce of Spain is very little greater at present than it was fifty years ago. The total value of exports and imports in 1784 is stated at 5,727,040*l*, while in 1829 it amounted to only 5,867,760*l*. It should be observed that the foreign trade of Spain is greatly increased by the aid of smugglers, the sum of whose transactions has been roughly estimated to amount to one-third as much as the legalized trade.

The revenue of Spain in 1833, arising from various sources, is estimated in round numbers at 600 millions of reals, or about six millions sterling, and the public expenditure (including the interest of foreign debt and sinking fund) for the same year, is, in like manner, estimated at 658 millions of reals, or about 6,580,000*l*. sterling. The deficiency, however, here shown, is stated to be much less considerable than it has been in former years.

Spain is divided into eleven military governments, each of which is placed under a Captain-General.

The following is a summary of the military force of the country:—

	Men.	Horses.
Royal Guard.....	5,604	921
Infantry of the line.....	39,652	
Cavalry.....	7,850	6,144
Artillery.....	5,458	939
Sappers.....	736	
	59,309	8,004
Provincial Militia.....	33,800	
	93,118	

or one in every 160 of the population.

The regular troops amount to no more than one for every 244 inhabitants; the feeblest army in Europe compared with the population.

Mr. Porter concluded by stating, that, in no country of Europe, with the exception of Russia, is the public instruction of the great body of the people less regarded than in Spain. The census of 1823 gave only 29,900 students for the whole kingdom, being in the ratio of one for every 346 inhabitants; so that, if this proportion is still maintained in the peninsula, there are now, probably through the increase of population, about 40,000 children receiving instruction, whereas, the proportion of the population, who are of an age to require it, amount to about a million and

a half; thus, only one child in every thirty-five receives the benefit of education.†

The second paper read to the meeting treated on the Statistics of Odessa, and was a translation, or rather an analysis, of the original communication of Count Serristori, of Florence (author of the *Saggio della Statistica d'Italia*), by Mr. Preston, the Assistant Secretary. We are compelled to defer our notice of it to a future opportunity.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—*March 12.*—William Hughes Hughes, Esq. M. P. and V. P. in the chair. The Secretary addressed the meeting on the subject of limestone, and its application to calcareous cements.

After a rapid historical view of the use of bitumen and calcareous cements, by the Babylonians, as stated by Herodotus and other ancient authors, and confirmed by the researches made of late years among the ruins of Babylon, he passed to the use of calcareous cements by the Romans, in their buildings and in the foundations of their highways; illustrating this part of his subject, with the exhibitions of specimens of cement from the oldest part of the walls of Rome, erected by Ancus Martius, from the buildings of Pompeii, and from some of the Roman roads. He then treated of the invention of water cements by the Romans, and their use of them at Ostia, and on the bay of Baia.

He next characterized the different British limestones, with reference to the qualities peculiar to each, in the composition of mortars and cements, dividing them into the soft white limestones, such as chalk and oolite, the grey limestones, the bituminous limestones or lucullites, the magnesian limestones, and lastly those fitted for water cements, such as the grey chalk of Dorking, and the blue limestone of Athertham and Barrow, and the septaria of the London clay from which Roman cement is prepared, exhibiting specimens of each kind.

In conclusion, he treated of the composition of various mortars, both ancient and modern, their durability in air or in water, and finished with a general theory of the mode of action of the different ingredients on each other.

The walls of the great room are now covered with various designs, portraits, and other works sent in, being claims for the Society's premiums.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	Zoological Society ( <i>Scientific</i> )	
	( <i>Business</i> ).....	3 P.M.
TUES.	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers.....	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society.....	4 P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	7 P.M.
	Royal Society.....	8 P.M.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution.....	4 P.M.

#### MUSIC

##### VOCAL SOCIETY.

The fifth of these concerts was, upon the whole, a very excellent one, both as to selection and performance. It opened with a short full anthem, by Creighton. 'I will arise and go to my father,' a fine composition of its kind. The familiar glee, 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,' was well sung by Master Howe, (whose voice is about as charming as anything we ever heard.) Messrs. Hawkins, Vaughan, and Sale; the others given in the course of the evening, were the delicious though hackneyed 'Since first I saw your face,' led by the same soprano.—Elliot's 'A choir of bright beauties,' which tempts us to speak our mind concerning the *alto* voice, by which it was led—only we are much enduring; and 'Where the bee sucks,' in which we had again

† Some allowance should be made in this account for the number of children who doubtless receive private instruction from the priests, who, in Spain, more than in any other country in the world, have succeeded in exercising this monopoly, and checked the spreading of real intelligence among the people.

Master Howe, and Master Coward as second. The madrigals were 'Ye nightingales, so pleasant and so gay,' by Orlando di Lasso, and 'Flora gave me fairest flowers,' both of them *encored* by desert, as well as by custom. Miss Masson sang Mozart's 'Non più di fiori,' with Willman's accompaniment, and sang it as well as she could: but it is an air which calls for more fervour than she possesses. Mr. Hobbs was very successful in Webbe's ballad 'The mansion of peace.' After this came the quartett and chorus from Haydn's matchless 'Passione.' There can be no music of a higher order than this composition, (to which we may have occasion to return on a future occasion): in speaking of its performance, it gives us great pleasure to advert to the excellent manner in which Mrs. E. Seguin sustained the principal part. Both the style and the voice of this lady have been much mellowed by her appearance on the Italian stage, and her singing of Paer's duet 'Quel sepolcro' in the second act, (the other part being taken by her husband,) must not be passed over without honourable mention. Mr. Horsley's 'Rosa-belle' was sung by Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss Masson, Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, and Atkins. We can hardly say enough of Braham's execution of Purcell's 'Let the dreadful engines,' when we remember how much that song, which, though very fine, is ancient and fragmentary, owes to the conception of the singer: he was in excellent voice. We have heard the quintet 'Sento O Dio' go better; but, like all the concerted pieces in the opera ('Cosi fan tutte,') whence it is taken, it is always welcome to us. Mrs. Bishop sang Haydn's 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' with great feeling and delicacy; and the concert concluded with Webbe's round 'To the old, long life and treasure.' Mr. G. Cooke's oboe solo, between the first and second acts, a fantasia on some quaint and simple Indian airs, was beautifully played. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, honoured the performance with their presence.

#### THEATRICALS

##### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, PATRICIAN AND PARVENU; and TEKELI Monday, A NEW COMEDY; and KING ARTHUR.

##### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, LESTOCQ; and THE FOREST OF BONDY. Monday, LESTOCQ; and THE MILLER AND HIS MEN. Tuesday, LESTOCQ; and other Entertainments. Wednesday, No performance. Thursday, LESTOCQ; and other Entertainments.

#### OLYMPIC.

Two new burlettas have been produced lately, and we presume they will be the two last roses of summer here. The first, on Thursday week, was called 'An Affair of Honour.' It is written, and very nicely written, by Mr. L. Rede, and it was received with laughter and applause, both of which have increased on repetition. The subject is by no means to our taste—we have no pleasure in seeing those who wear the uniforms of British officers made to appear either ridiculous or contemptible, and we are not consoled by the fact of the wearers being Messrs. Liston and Keeley. The public, however, seldom think of these things, and rarely stop to inquire why they are made to laugh, if they are made to laugh. They certainly do not, in the present instance, for no piece can go better than the one in question; we suspect that Mr. Rede is not responsible for the plot—and the writing, for which he is, is the best part of the piece.

The second, an original burletta, by Mr. Planché, made its appearance on Saturday last, and is called 'The Court Beauties.' It is founded, we believe, on an anecdote or two of the Court of Charles the Second. The principal object is to introduce a scene in which eight ladies of the Court personate their own portraits in frames made for the express purpose, and fitted up in a gallery at the Duke of Buckingham's at Whitehall. The effect is extremely beautiful,

and quite novel; and we expect that this comic piece will be of serious benefit to the Treasury for the remainder of the season. The dialogue is neat and pointed, and well fitted to the period, but it is scarcely strong enough in comic effect to bear up against the great length of the conversations in the earlier scenes, particularly in the second. We recommend curtailment here; but, perhaps, we recommend what is already effected. Mr. Planché, with very good taste, has introduced some of the beautiful madrigals of Charles's day—would that they had been sung with as good taste!—but, as our ears were not indulged with either time or tune, they would have been more rejoiced in some cotton. Madame Vestris relieved them during the few moments she was singing the old air of 'Love will find out the way,' but it was only to make the other pieces of music appear to still less advantage by the contrast. The best acted part in the piece was that of *Sir Peter Lely* by Mr. William Vining, and this, though but a little one, was so well sustained, that all others concerned need take it as no bad compliment to be placed second to him. Upon the whole, Mr. Planché's antiquarian knowledge and persevering accuracy in costume, have never been displayed to greater advantage than in the *mise en scène* of this piece. More has been done at the larger houses, but nothing better, if anything so good.

## MISCELLANEA

**New Houses of Parliament.**—[The following is from a printed statement which has been this week sent to the *Athenæum*, and no doubt, to other Journals.]—"In May, 1833, the Select Committee appointed the 7th of March previous, to consider the possibility of making the House of Commons more commodious and less unwholesome, called before them and examined the following gentlemen:—Sir John Soane, Rigby Wason, Esq., M.P., Sir Jef. Wyattville, The Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Hanbury Tracey, Esq., M.P., Mr. Benj. Wyatt; Messrs. James Savage, Edward Blore, George Basevi, John Deering, Francis Goodwin, George Allen, Adam Lee, Decimus Burton, Thomas Hopper, and Sir Robert Smirke. The first fourteen of these gentlemen submitted plans and designs according to the desire of the Committee, who caused them to be lithographed and printed, together with their evidence. Sir Robert Smirke alone refused to give in plans; and yet, now that the expenditure is to be many times as great as was intended in 1833, that gentleman is thrust forward to seize the prize. With the plans and opinions of fourteen others before him; with the remarks thereon of the whole profession during many months, he undertakes for the amount of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, a comparatively easy task. In 1833, when a few hundreds only could be expected for the puzzling alteration of the old House, a large portion of the talent of the country was summoned and nobly entered into competition; but in 1835, when the profit is swelled to tens of thousands, none but a Government Architect is allowed to pocket so large a sum: their talent, their labours, their reputation are to be sacrificed to the very man who shrunk from the touchstone of talent—fair competition."—"We cannot but believe that the writer is in error when he states that 'the first fourteen' of the gentlemen here enumerated 'submitted plans and designs' which 'the committee caused to be lithographed and printed'—surely Messrs. Wason, Croker, and Tracey could not have ventured beyond mere suggestion. If, indeed, he be correct, it would be one of the strongest arguments we have yet heard in proof of the ridiculous consequences of his 'touchstone of talent.' We do not, however, intend, on the present occasion, to offer an opinion on the subject; but may refer our readers to a letter in this day's paper signed 'An Ar-

chitect," which is well worth an attentive perusal. The question is, undoubtedly, one of great public interest, and the writer of the letter, who is known to us, speaks disinterestedly, and, both from his rank in the profession, and his admitted talent, with "a voice potential," which entitles him to be heard with respect whether the reader agrees with him or not. We are not, indeed, ourselves, prepared to assent altogether to his opinion.

**Contemplated Improvements in Paris.**—The following are the improvements which it is in contemplation to make in Paris, as soon as it is practicable. Three provision markets are to be erected, one in the Faubourg Poissonnière, one in the square of St. Laurent, and the third in the rue Chauchat: the latter is to be on a very extensive scale. A flower market is to be established on the Boulevard St. Martin, near the Chateau d'Eau. The cloître St. Mary, where the revolutionary affray took place about three years ago, is to be pulled down, and thus that narrow part of Paris will be considerably improved. Various other streets are to be widened and improved; large sums are annually expended for this purpose. The high roads in the immediate vicinity of Paris are to be repaired: 60,000 francs have already been expended in repairing and improving the road from Paris to Calais.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to correspondents for Reports sent from time to time to the lectures read at the different Literary Institutions, but it is contrary to our general plan to insert them, and the exceptions must justify themselves. The lectures read at such places are necessarily popular and elementary—intended to diffuse knowledge—the *ATHENÆUM* is a record of its progressive advancement.

In consequence of the continued demand for back numbers, we have just had Nos. 323 and 325 reprinted. We are, of course, much gratified at this flattering proof of public approbation, but must admit that it is somewhat costly. To meet the wishes of subscribers for the past volumes, we have, from time to time, reprinted no less than twelve or fourteen numbers, and given six and eight times the publishing price for others—circumstances unprecedented, we believe, in the history of literary periodicals. As, however, it will shortly be impossible for us to supply particular numbers without breaking up the few volumes which, at this great cost, we shall have perfected, we must request our subscribers to look over their copies, and complete their sets forthwith.

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